WEST VIRGINIA VERSE OF TODAY

ELLA MAY TURNER

Helen Stockert.
Salem High School

West Virginia Verse of To-day

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An Anthology of Magazine and Newspaper Verse
July 1922 - - June 1924

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

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A thought from God's great heart of love
Fell to this world of wrong;
A poet made this thought his own,
And breathed it forth in song.

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FOREWORD

The chief purpose of this little anthology is to increase the interest of the people of West Virginia in the literature of their State by affording them an opportunity to become more familiar with recent verse published by West Virginians.

The material has been limited to magazine and newspaper verse published within a period of two years, because it is the purpose of the editor to publish in alternate years a series of books showing the work of West Virginians in short story and verse.

There are not a few West Virginians possessing literary talent who do not have sufficient confidence in their ability to offer their poems for publication. It is to be hoped that such persons through a comparison of their work with that here reprinted may be encouraged to submit their own verse to editors and publishers.

Though in any anthology covering so brief a time one can not reasonably expect to find much of literary value, doubtless not only the number of writers and publications represented, but also the quality of the verse, will be a source of no little gratification to West Virginia readers.

There are doubtless some West Virginians who will say that they can write better poetry than that contained in this book. I would urge them to make good their boast as did James Fenimore Cooper, who threw aside a novel in disgust, saying, "I could do better, myself," and straightway began to write, and, after one failure, became America's foremost novelist.

FOREWORD

It is my earnest desire that readers who find verse that seems to them worth while express their approval to the authors, for neither West Virginia nor any other State can expect the best from her writers unless they are given the approbation and encouragement that is their due. It is true that a few men and women, whose souls were like stars and dwelt apart, have possessed transcendent powers that enabled them, in spite of indifference, disapproval and even persecution, to leave to the world the priceless record of what was in their minds and hearts, but there have been thousands of others, not supreme geniuses but possessors of rare gifts, who failed because there was no one to hearten and encourage them. Most poets are just "folks" and need the sympathy and understanding of their fellows.

The more I study the literature of my State, the prouder I am to be a West Virginian. Though as yet most of her writers have chosen literature as an avocation rather than as a profession, there is every reason to hope and to believe that within the next twenty-five years West Virginia will be as widely and as favorably known for her literary product as she is to-day for her material resources.

ELLA MAY TURNER

Shepherdstown, West Virginia
September 15, 1924

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WALTER BARNES

THE TEACHER SPEAKS

All I can reach, I teach,
But I keep myself and I give myself
To the few.

The butterfly crowds approach,
Hover,
And flutter away.
They leave no trace on me,
No remembrance with me,
I lay no touch of power on them,
Nothing in me passes over into them.
They flutter,
They circle and flutter;
Gay, wistful butterflies,
How can I touch you?
What have I to communicate to you?
Yet—
Pause for a moment, poise over me;
I also have butterfly moods, butterfly fancies and graces.....
Go now.
Fluttering is a mode of flying.

Comes the groper for facts, for rules,
Hungry for formulas, for recipes, for patterns,
Burrowing into my views, my opinions,
Ferreting out my conclusions,
Prowling for the wisdom,
Planted, and nurtured and ripened by me.
Fool!
Filch my facts, you have not my truths.

Reap my conclusions, you have not the soil out of
which they have sprung.
My views are what I see from my viewpoint;
Until you stand with me and until you have eyes like
mine, you cannot perceive my views.
Forge formulas out of your own hot experiences, and
shape them with your own tools.
Pass on, pass by.
Yet—
Take of me what you will and use of it what you can—
It becomes yours when you can use it as yours.

Here also crouch and kneel the suppliants,
Those who pray for uplift, exaltation,
Who would kindle their embers at my fire.
O weak and infirm!
Know you not that Adam's body was formed before
the spirit entered into him?
And know you not that spirit calls only to spirit?
And know you not that the wind bloweth as it listeth?
Do you fancy I can control the breath of the spirit?
Am I a bellows to fan your soul into flames?
Go to, then.
I will be a bellows indeed, a giant bellows,
And blow you, like ashes, away.
And yet—and yet—
I bid you welcome to my fire.
You may carry away live coals if you wish.
But I warn you:
These coals must be used to start fires
At once.
I wonder if you have the fuel ready.

All I can reach, I teach,
But I save myself and I grant myself
To the few.

I can reach, can touch, can teach
Only those of my clan, my kindred.
To these I lend myself,
For these I spend myself.
Into these I send myself.
Teaching is communion,
And communion is possible only when commonalty exists.
Teaching is companionship:
Only companions can learn from one another.
Those who are like me can learn, through me, to be more like themselves.
I teach only when I am an experience,
Like a picture,
Like a melody,
Like a landscape,
Like joy, like sorrow,
Like love, like life.
I am to be accepted, then left behind, as a phase of existence,
And only those who are familiar to me can get from me food for assimilation.
I can transfuse blood only into the veins of those who have the same heart-beats.

I say not,
These are the greatest and best;
I say only,
These are the only ones I can teach.

All I can reach,
These I teach,
But I hold myself and I yield myself
To the few.

—*Walter Barnes*

The Journal of the National Education Association

TWELFTH NIGHT

All night I thought on those wise men who took
A midnight leave of their bronze towers, and came
With caskets at the elbow to the guards
(And stared apart, each with a hidden look
Twitching his listless beard, while in the wards
The gross key clinked and the unwieldy bar
Swung and slid back) and hurried out to name
The living daemon of an unnamed star.

All night I followed them, and came at last
On a low hutch propped in an alley-way;
And stretched aside while one by one they passed—
Those stilted mages mitred in stiff blue—
Under the sagging beams, between the stalls.
Stifled with stable smells and fug I saw
(Nothing were clearer in the scrupulous day)
The rigid drooping of their painted palls
Over the crib where, on a toss of straw,
Swaddled in rags, to their abashment, lay,
But a small child petulant with cries.
With courtesies unperturbed and slow
They laid their gifts down, scents and chains of gold:
But swift evasions shamed their septic eyes,
And their starved hands were suddenly boned with cold,
When plucking their gorgeous skirts they turned to go.

—*John Peale Bishop*

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A CHRISTMAS WISH

My Christmas wish for you is this,
That you may know the joy and bliss
That comes from righteous living,
The sweet content that virtue knows,
The blessedness that ever flows
From loving and from giving.

May the Christ Spirit fill your heart
And to your soul the peace impart
Which makes life worth the living—
The peace that is without alloy,
That comes to all who know the joy
Of loving and forgiving.

—*Belle M. Blair*

The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate

HOME INFLUENCE

Two types of home I would picture here,
One filled with happiness, peace and cheer.
With love and respect the foundation stones,
For lack of which, no wealth atones.
The other, a picture of gloom and despair,
Neglect, discomfort and fear are there.

To each of these homes a child is given;
To the first, it comes as a gift from heaven
To be nurtured and trained with tenderest care,
In all the blessings of home to share.

Sheltered and guarded from earliest days,
His heart responds to love's rich rays,
And a soul is born that is unafraid.
'Tis in homes of this type that heroes are made.
But the babe that is born in squalor and want,—
From earliest days, his home is the haunt
Of every evil that poverty knows,
And in these surroundings his young life grows.
Assailed by temptations at every turn—
The lessons of crime are easy to learn;
So a soul is born that is sin's abode.
Small wonder, he chooses the downward road;
But, when comes the final reckoning day,
Each life shall be judged in God's just way.

—*Belle M. Blair*

Social Progress

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

How shall I sketch my mother's face,
So full of peace and Christ-like grace?
Sweetly serene as summer days,
Cheering and blessing home always.

How shall I paint my mother's eyes,
In whose depths truth and soul-life lies?
Eyes that can see my hurts and grief,
Lighted with love that brings relief.
How shall I paint my mother's smile,
Its sunny warmth, so free from guile?
Like the Christ Mother's smile divine,
Would I paint yours, dear mother mine.

—*Belle M. Blair*

The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate

GARDEN OF MEMORY

Here, all alone, for one brief hour,
Let me float far away on the wings of dream;
Let me clasp to my heart the snow-white flower
That bloomed where the waters of memory gleam.

Let me drift idly on to a hallowed past—
To June times when roses have withered to dust—
To Autumns whose tremulous shadows were cast
On the spotless screen of my soul's fond trust.

Let me linger, once more, where the rose—rich red—
Sends a message of love from its flaming heart;
Let me kneel where the violet's lowly bed
May cover my grief as the tear drops start.

Let me pause where the lily, in stately grace,
Silently sways as the hours glide by,
And the pansy blooms, with her haunting face,
And eyes upturned to the star-swept sky.

Oh roses and lilies and dear "heart's ease!"
Oh violets, and snow-drops, and sweet woodbine!
In deep adoration, on bended knees,
Humbly I worship at your dear shrine.

You have brought back to me a perfumed past—
With sunset, and starlight and radiant dawn—
But the pinions of gloom are over me cast,
And the gold from the sunlight has faded and gone.

The garden is bright with its garlands fair,
And the promise of future bloom sleeps 'neath the sod,
But the loved one, whose presence was life, light, and air,
Now gathers white flow'rets in the garden of God.

—*Frances Moore Bland*

The West Virginia Club Woman

TELL ME

In the drowsy stir of day dawn; in the transient lull of noon;
In the twilight's perfumed silence, and the stillness of the night,
Comes to me a sacred memory, fragrant with the breeze of June,
And glowing with the gleam of hallowed light.

'Tis the memory of the song birds, as in the long ago,
Their rapturous notes of beauty seemed to rise to Heaven's dome,
As they trilled their strains of gladness, with no notes of minor woe,
About the sacred precincts of our sheltered convent home.

And I wonder if they're singing their old-time joyful lays;
If they're swinging on the branches of the circling cedar hedge;
If they've sought the blossomed tree tops in these dreamy, verdure days,
Or perched themselves in fearless grace on friendly window ledge.

Are they singing on the rustic bridge of the violet-gemmed ravine,
Where the fairest of the spring flowers in their modest beauty grow?
Do they rest their weary pinions in the grass that creeps between,
When the sunset in the West is getting low?

Do their sweet strains break the silence of the Grotto's prayerful hush
Where, with lily-hands enfolded, and eyes on Heaven's blue—
From the dewy shades of even to the morning's deepening flush—
Jesus' tender mother doth her vigil, calm, pursue.

Tell me, are they singing in the arching boughs that bend
Their stately leaf-crowned branches o'er the quiet study hall?
Do they warble of their blisses, and their care-free life defend,
Till a halo of enchantment rests o'er all?

Are they singing in the low hedge, or the circling flame of bloom
That surrounds the gleaming statue where the rhododendrons start?
Do they perch with notes ecstatic in the sunlight, or the gloom,
As they fold their gentle bird wings o'er our Savior's Sacred Heart?

Do they flutter soft, at evening, when the light is growing dim,
To the quiet spot—"God's Acre"—in the convent's restful shade?

Do they hush their gleeful voices to a saddened requiem hymn
As they flit among the crosses where the lowly ones are laid?

Tell me, are they singing their old-time, sacred songs—
Their sacred songs of rapture attuned to minor key?
The songs of future promise which will thrill the white-robed throng,
And fill with wondrous music a last eternity.

—*Frances Moore Bland*

The Mount

TIRED

Tired tonight; so tired, and longing
To slip away to some sequestered vale
Where I might hear the night-wind's gentle murmur,
And all the voices of the wood and dale.

To feel beneath my feet the soft, green grasses;
To see the fleecy cloudlets drifting by;
To stoop where clumps of gold-eyed daisies
Look, unafraid, into the answering sky.

Tired of noise and all life's headlong hurry—
Wanting silence, or the song of bird—
Yearning to set free the pent-up fancies
With which my hungering soul is stirred.

Longing to creep out into the darkness,
Where I can dream, and drift, and be at rest,
And where the night, with all its wondrous magic,
Can calm the ceaseless clamor of my breast.

—*Frances Moore Bland*

The West Virginia Club Woman

AN OFFICER OF CAESAR

Upon the last hill near the city's gate
Petronius halted, Caesar's officer,
And spake unto the soldier at his side:
"Here as the light fades, Claudius, let us stand.
I would behind that little hill again
Its three bare crosses black against the sky,
For I think we two will ne'er forget this day,
Nor Him who died upon that central tree,
Nor how He died as one that knew no fear.
The sight of death holds little awe for me.
To men grown old as I, in Caesar's cause
Death comes to be a light and casual thing
And little thought of. I have seen men die
Fearless in maze of spears, or standing guard
Above their women in some plundered town,
Have heard them laugh as they received the thrust.
But this man! There was something in His face
I have never seen before. In Pilate's court
He held himself untruckling and unbowed,
As though His soul too lofty were and high
To win a boon by any compromise.
Knowing Himself, His cause, alike were right.
Like Jove he was too great to bend to man,
I watched Him as we stood beside the hill
While you set up the crosses, watched His face
As the nails tore through the flesh, as the blood fell,
Not once He wavered. As He scorned the cup
His eyes held gleams that are not born of earth,
And then rushed back a memory of old days;
My father's house beneath the olive trees

On the slope above the Tiber, and the words
My mother told me, how the king of the gods
Came down and wooed a maiden of the earth,
Whereby a child was born, a hero bold.
Then as the darkness fell I understood.....
No half-God this—but God and Son of God
Like God He bore Himself, like God He died,
I, old Petronius, the marvel knew,
My eyes had seen the human face of God!"

—*William E. Brooks*

The Continent

CAIAPHAS AT THE CROSS

"The fool to think that He could stand alone,
Could spurn me and could win the world with dreams!
He has my answer now, clean through His hands,
And through His feet, the nails I've driven home....
Will hold Him helpless till in agony
He bows His head and knows He is a fool,
For scorning me, who might have made Him great....
The man had power, He could have swayed the mob;
See how they followed madly in His train
That day He rode in triumph o'er the hill
And entered in the city like a King,
Amid the shouts and waving of the palms.
I would have made Him King had he but heard.
Together we'd have sent that Roman horde
Flying beyond the seas, and built anew
The ancient glory of our nation here,
And with that glory made ourselves secure!
He who was born amid the lowing kine
And spent His youth in squalid Nazareth,
And lived these years a wanderer, shelterless,

Had dwelt in splendor there on Zion hill,
Had He but listened to my careful plan....
The man had no ambition! Idle dreams
About a happy world of happy men,
Where all were brothers and all kings were gone,
Filled up His days. But I, grown old in power,
Know that the world was never made for dreams;
It kills its dreamers. It obeys the man
Who dares to do the thing he wants to do
Nor cares about the way. I'd made Him King,
And I beside the lion throne would stand,
His counsellor—(His master is the word)....
His power with men, the cunning of my brain,
What prizes would the years have brought to us!
He'd none of it. With set determined face
He spurned the chance I gave, declaring He
Would move men's hearts with words instead of swords.
What did He want? I offered everything
For which men give their lives, and sell their souls,
The kingdoms and the glories of this world.
'Get thee behind me, Satan,' were His words,
To hear Him speak you would think I tempted Him!..
So there He hangs who spurned Caiaphas' aid.
He threw a crown away, He has His cross,
A warning to all dreamers through the years."

—*William E. Brooks*

Survey Graphic

COMRADE

I met him when the road was hard and long,
And mists hung in the way, and every wood
Seemed haunted with an angry spirit's brood—
Then, from his lips, there rang a clear high song:

"Tonight when darkness gathers, I will be
One sunset nearer to the goal I seek"—
And lo! the light broke through the blinding reek,
And straight the roadway ran before and free.

—*William E. Brooks*

The Womans Press

MEMORIAL DAY

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep,
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood,
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land.
Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their cry,
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died" they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot?
We dreamed of a world reborn, whence wars had fled,
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron,
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;
New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with embowelled death.
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's throat,
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.

Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied?
You men who live on the earth we bought with our
woe,
Will ye stand idly by, while they shape new wars,
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools
Who play with the blood-stained toys that crowd new
graves?
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant
them sleep?

—*William E. Brooks*

Survey Graphic

ON A STATUE OF LINCOLN

I saw grave Lincoln sitting in the rain,
In that brief moment just before the night,
Ere comes the darkness or has passed the light,
And in my heart I felt a throb of pain.
For not a soul in all that passing throng
Glanced ever at the figure in the chair,
With wrinkled face, bowed head and ancient air,
As ancient as a mother's cradle song.
He rallied throngs as does a trumpet blast;
Now sits he silent, while the throng sweeps past.

What matter! He swayed his epic hour,
Had roused a race that paltered with a shame;
Had steadied it to action....And his fame
Is Union and a land of generous power,
To be to darkened peoples God's great light,
New hope to those bowed down with time-sealed fears.
So let him sit through all the changing years,

Though men pass by, though round him falls the night.
He served his day, what if his voice be dumb,
When comes the need anew then other voices come!

—*William E. Brooks*

Survey Graphic

REFUGE

Close by my town there stands a hill,
A low hill crowned with a bird-thronged wood,
With a stream at its foot that turns a mill,
And the children call it "Robin Hood."
When I grow so tired of the shrieking town,
The clangor of steel and the sweat of men,
I take my way where the road dips down
Then lifts to my hill and its peace again.

By the side of the road the black mills stand,
And the forge fires glow and the anvils ring,
But a turn or two—it's another land,
Where blue flowers grow and blue-birds sing.
In the heart of the wood I throw me down,
And I pillow my head on the cool green sod,
While the breeze blows soft from the low hill's crown,
And my heart mounts up, and I thank my God.
For the ancient man who spared these trees,
For his thought that reached to my weary need,
For the birds that sing, for the wandering breeze,
For the flowers that echo the Christ's own creed.
Then God comes near and He whispers low,
As He talked in a garden once with men,
Till the frets all fade and I rise and go
To the mills and the men and my task again.

—*William E. Brooks*

Survey Graphic

NEW YEAR'S BELLS

Ring out, ring out,
Ye New Year's Bells,
Ring out, the fleeting time,
Ring out, ring out,
Ye New Year's Bells,
Ring in the year sublime;
Ring out the old,
Ring in the new,
Ring blessings of the brightest hue,
God keep this Nation ever true,
Ring out, ye New Year's Bells.

Ring out, ring out,
Ye New Year's Bells,
Ring peace o'er all our Land,
Ring out, ring out,
Ye New Year's Bells,
Ring joy on every hand;
Ring out the old,
Ring in the new,
Ring love for all the whole world through.
God keep this Nation ever true,
Ring out, ye New Year's Bells.

—W. M. Clemans

The Wheeling News

SKATING

Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
I'm off today
To the pond where the skating
Is fast and gay,

Where the ice is blue
As the sky above.
What a wonderful day
To fall in love;
Her cheeks are red,
Her eyes are blue,
The prettiest girl,
I ever knew.
A bump, a laugh,
A scream, a smash,
And we all go down
With an awful crash,
But we're off again
In circles and swings.
Oh, give me the joy
That skating brings.
The swish of the skates,
The ring of the steel,
The gleam of the eyes,
Make your senses reel.
When the eve comes on
And the day is done,
We are awful tired,
But we've had real fun.

—*W. M. Clemans*

The Wheeling News

THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

Ding, dong,
Ding, dong,
Up in the morning
And off to school,
Learning the truth
Of the golden rule,

Working out problems
The whole day long,
Busy as bees
In the happy throng.

Ding, dong,
Ding, dong,
Tell us, dear teacher,
The meaning, we pray,
Why do we study
The length of the day?
Why can't we play
In the sunlight so dear?
Why can't we play
Through the whole blessed year?

Ding, dong,
Ding, dong,
Life is before you
With promises sweet,
Life in its splendor
We train you to meet.
Life rounded out
In the world's busy throng
Brings you great happiness—
Ding, dong. Ding, dong.

—W. M. Clemans

The Wheeling News

GHOST-DANCE OF THE WOODS

Tick-tick-tick goes the little-night-tick-bug,
Chirp-chirp-chirp go the crickets in the dark;
Hoot-hoot-hoot goes the old gray night-owl,
Calling up the ghosts for a midnight lark.

Little-dead-bird-ghosts flit among the shadows,
Singing in the trees with a soft thin sound,
Spirit of a dried-up brook babbles on the pebbles,
Dead-leaf-skeletons flutter on the ground.

Old-dead-logs grow faintly phosphorescent,
Build pale ghost-fires in the thick black dark;
Spirit of a fallen-star glimmers green and wavering,
Fire-flies'-ghosts with a pale white spark.

Wild-flowers'-ghosts dance gracefully and lightly,
Long slim vines with their partners now advance,
And the ghost of a wind in the ghost of a pine tree
Plays the haunting music for this wild weird dance.

Slim brown ghosts of the little Indian fairies,
Who pined and died of broken hearts a hundred years ago
Weave old magic spells so potent in the forest,
To bring trees and children back, who used to love them so.

Oak-trees rise up, maple-trees and birch-trees;
All sway together as the Indian Fairies sing;
Wee brown children, little misty shadows,
All stand silent in a great enchanted ring.

Great white moon-face glares upon the forest,
  Face of a white-man long since dead;
Where are the children, the little Indian fairies,
  And the great dark trees that were swaying overhead?

Look from your window, little restless sleeper,
  Look for the dancing in a strange dark place;
Look for the children, the forest and the fairies—
  Nothing but the round moon's great white face!

—*Esther Eugenia Davis*

The Charleston Gazette

"STAR-DUST"

When you called me "Star-Dust,"
You didn't know it pleased me,
Nor how I long to be a star,
  To sparkle, burn and thrill;
And when you laughed at "Star-Dust,"
  Your pretty laughter teased me,
For I am dust that's blown about
  By little winds, at will.

But if I were a great star,
  I'd whirl with frantic motion,
And swell the music of the spheres
  With mighty songs, and new!
I'd blaze! I'd fall! I'd jar the world,
  And cause a great explosion,
But since I'm just a little dust—
  I'll scatter me on you!

—*Esther Eugenia Davis*

The Phoenix

NEW DAY

I hold the dawn to be a solemn thing.
Sometimes I wake to see it, wan and wild,
Beat whitely at my window pane, and bring
The consciousness to me of undefiled
New hours, that I must live but once, and fill.
And oh! the sacredness of such a trust!
How may I move my wonted way and still
Have aught to show but crumbling ash and dust!

To leave an impress on the days that pass!
To know the ever-hastening hours to be
More than light leaves, wind-blown across the grass,
More than the pulsing of Infinity!
And now rise up, O soul, nor turn away;
But face the splendid gravity of Day!

—Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

RECOVERY

Pain and I have come to know
Each other very well,
These throbbing months of anguish, long
And irrepressible.

Stark nights of suffering were mine
And sombre days no less;
Had it not been for Pain I should
Have died of loneliness.

But while Pain's grasp encircled me
And held me straitly in,
I had no time to ponder on
How lonely I have been.

It's strange, it's very strange somehow
That I have no more pain....
I wonder, will I be lonely now
That I am well again?

—*Garnett Laidlaw Eskew*

Munsey's

WALKING IN THE RAIN

The dun sky emptied like a cup.
I turned my raincoat collar up,
Pulled down my hat brim until I
Could only feel the dripping sky;
Then turned into the street to gain
The soothing comradeship of rain.
To walk, the wet wind in my face,
By tree-lined park and open space,
By storm-beleaguered buildings, where
Blank windows, in a bleary stare,
Looked out upon a world that flowed!
Beneath my feet the asphalt glowed
As rows of lights flashed on to greet
Their gold selves mirrored in the street.
High up, a great clock smote the air
Five times; the blood-red signal glare
Glowed on the topmost pinnacle
Of one tall tower; the muffled bell
Sank into silence; on the town
The early night came drifting down.

And I turned north among the few
Who braved storm-swept Fifth Avenue.
Block after block I walked alone
And heard the soggy dusk-wind moan
Around each jagged cornerstone;
In gaping doorways; on the bare
White scaffolding of buildings there....
A lonely wind, as lone as I,
Seeming to moan as it went by!

—*Garnett Laidlaw Eskew*

The Sun (New York)

THE MINUTE MAN

Forever stands the Minute Man
Listening, alert, and ready—
(Hark did'st hear yon bugle call?
Steady, brother, steady!)

Above the fleeting curious glance
Of tourists passing at ease,
He gazes, poised and listening.
(Was that but the wind in the trees?)

Back on the Butterick farm he knows
The company is armed and ready;
His coat is thrown on the idle plow.
(Steady, brother, steady!)

In symbol there stands by the old North Bridge
America's Manhood ready
To fight, to serve, to stand and wait—
(Steady, brother, steady!)

—Edith Bates Faust

Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine

BLUE FLOWER

Cantonese Love Song—From the Chinese

Bear round the wine-cup! sing another song!
Night is the time for love's festivity.
Standing in rows the red-sleeved maidens burn
Their silver candles set in ivory,
While you repeat these love-songs and recline
Beside the broken bottle tipsily.
From boats to east and boats to west there comes
A noisy chorus of bright song—I hear
And sigh to think of my Blue Flower so dear.

I sent her myriad bales of saffron silk;
Beneath her side-long glances I burned hot;
Ah, might I trade this string of song-pearls, for
One night's re-tieing of red passion's knot!
Ah, song unfinished! flower unforgot!
My startled swan has vanished, left behind
No shadow on the water or the wind!
And I can sing no longer nor recline
Beside pale girls with lilies in their hair—
Ten years I've sought for my Blue Flower, ten years!
Ten years of fruitless longing and despair,
And now the autumn wind steals through my night
To dot my temple's band with silver hair.

—Mason A. Freeman, Jr.

The Huntington Advertiser

DIRGE FOR AUTUMN JOY

Cantonese Love Song—From the Chinese

Under the waning winter moon,
Beneath a fragile cherry,
Hidden she lies whose moth-winged eyes
Were sad when she was merry.

Wide, wide is the path to hell
For two small feet so slender,
And sharp and hard is each stone and shard
To golden lilies, tender.

Faint as the helpless breeze of May
I cannot rise to aid her,
And fallen, alas, in the slough of spring
I leave her where they laid her.

Only the cuckoo's empty call
Upon the wind is dying—
Oh, white bones on a green hill-side
How long will you be lying?

Fixed is the frozen stare of fate
And no man may deceive it,
But oh, my love, my dainty love,
I cannot yet believe it!

Cannot your passion dream such dreams
That our dead hearts may waken
Beating, in some celestial dawn,
Flaming, absorbed, unshaken?

If, then, I pass on through death with you
Our love-fate stays unbroken—
Silver I burn to the Lord of Hell,
Gold, and a secret token!

Far from the haunt of flower and rouge
Some autumn I may find her—
Name and a thought of Autumn Joy
Is all death has left behind her.

—*Mason A. Freeman, Jr.*

The Huntington Advertiser

LOUSIANA SUMMER

Under the cypresses
Shadow creeps.
Under the cypresses
Water sleeps.
Sun is on the cane field;
Cotton bolls burst white.
Cypresses are witches
Weeping for the night.
Cypresses are witch-wives,
Gray and bitter brides,
Weeping for their dark ones
That the water hides.
Under the cypresses
Water creeps.
Under the cypresses
Shadow sleeps.

—*Mason A. Freeman, Jr.*

The Huntington Advertiser

PEARL RIVER

Cantonese Love Song—From the Chinese.

Jasmine whitens the fields;
Sandalwood builds the houses;
For miles the river smells sweet;
Its houses of pearl are myriad.

Each house when the white sun sinks
Displays red lanterns at evening;
Silk garments chink and chime,
Bedight with pendants of jewels.
The breath of opening blooms,
Instinct with the germ of life,
Floats round like a vaporous mist,
And slender, swaying girls
Lie here in the lily-beds
Or dance to the tinkling lyre
Or, flushed with wine, and with tingling ears,
They croon the love-songs of Tshun.

The Lo-lung house-boats drift
Downstream on the ebbing tide.
When the lizard-skin drum strikes the midnight hour
And wandering boats grow fewer
And the cold moon passes clear of the clouds
Coifed maidens set lotus-roots on ice.
Slim fingers distribute oranges.
The heart's oppression is swept away.
One thrush-girl sings a lyric;
And now as the silver lamps are lit
The darkness is changed to splendour;
Suddenly pipes of Ch-hoa blare!
And the gabble of men is silenced.

The three stars of mating are set in the sky
And the noises are hushed on the water.
My maiden already unbinds her dark hair
And the perfume of ointment is scented
So faintly—as comfort for thoughts of time's flight,
As dirge in the tranquil night-silence.
I think of the years and the girls that are gone
While thrilled with the coming of passion
And the sobs that I stifle burst forth in a song

And my throat swells with sorrow and sighing.
I sway to the cadence; the melody yearns
To ebb, yet flows back to my bosom;
I choke with emotion but master my grief,
And the harmony sorrow has broken
Unites—and I sing while the fading moon hangs
O'er ocean's verge, fain to be setting,
And over Pearl River the clouds cease to drift,
And the tears of my Flower are falling.

—*Mason A. Freeman, Jr.*

The Huntington Advertiser

SPRING

Spring's in the hills again
On her swift feet,
Dancing in starry showers
Fugitive, fleet.

Under forgotten trees,
Misty with rain,
Springs seed of vanished flowers
Memory-slain.

Pale faces pushing up,
Frail, from the dead,
Kissing with loving lips
Ecstacy's tread.

Why is love scattered by
White feet of pain
Under forgotten boughs
Misty with rain?

—*Mason A. Freeman, Jr.*

The Huntington Advertiser

THE SONG OF KENINSHEKA

Oh Kanawha, Forest Waters, primal Indians loved thy
snares!
Keninsheka, White Stone River of the vanquished
Delawares!
Piquemeta of Miamis, here the Shawnees lived apace,
Paddling, playing in thy waters that had nursed a
former race.

Once the Cornstalk, lordly savage, swayed by Fate
and made a foe
Of usurping pioneers, ruled the valley we now know;
Born here, reared there, pawn of war gods, fearless
fighter, sorely tried;
While a captive of Virginians, foully murdered, bravely
died.

Ellinipsico of Cornstalk, waft thy spirit unto me;
Son of Shawnee chief who perished with thy sire in
gallantry,
Come and whisper how the spirits judge our father's
trespass here—
Is the Indian held inferior to the conquering pioneer?

Piquemeta, Keninsheka, hold thy flowing waters still,
Stop thy destiny a moment, ever gliding round a hill,
While we hear thy ancient story of that long forgotten
race
That for eons lived beside thee but to leave with scarce
a trace.

THE SONG

Well thou knowest I can linger not in idle gossip, friend;
I must keep my constant gliding to an all-predestined end;
But I sing an old, old story, oft repeated as I flow,
Full of tragic life and love that only poets seem to know.

Came to me a stalwart bronze man, clothed in skins, adorned with flowers,
Chipped my flints and grooved my bowlders, conscious of no great powers,
Whence he came old Keninsheka cannot fathom, may not tell,
But he loved my forest waters, loved the mountain and the dell.

West of River Tiskelwah he chose a level wooded site,
East of Pocatalico, where mute the mounds now rear their height;
Here, with fire and stone, he builded, where the beasts were wont to roam,
Council house and rough bark shelter, crudely fashioned for a home.

Those were years of quiet enchantment; Nature ruled, and Nature's child;
Unobstructed, Keninsheka ran for ages through the wild;
Then no metal bell or whistle, then no siren auto horn,
Then no noisy marts of traffic moulding lives as yet unborn.

Then my waters, cool and limpid, through the forests
ran serene,
While the willows marked my shoreline with a tendet
touch of green;
Then bright pearly shells and pebbles lay like gems
upon my bed,
Ere the washing from the iron mines stained my couch
a cloudy red.

Many moons old Keninsheka, as she flowed adown her
vale,
Heard the Indian child at laughter ape the fawn and
mock the quail;
Many moons she bore the hunter, feather-crowned and
leather-dressed,
Arrow-armed, canoe-encircled, slipping gently o'er the
crest.

There, where now the pale face gathers flakes of flint
that strew my fields,
Long ago were camps of wigwam, Indian spears, and
battle shields;
Here the red squaw wove her baskets, quaint in prim-
itive design,
Crooned her folksong to papooses under virgin oak and
pine.

Here the cooing dove at evening called his mate with-
in the grove,
Here the nighthawk from the hollow sang of summer's
peace and love,
Here the honeysuckle's fragrance lulled the senses like
a dream,
Here the violets crept beside me close to drink of my
clear stream.

Here tall trees around the campfire sent their bashful
shadows out,
Weirdly intermingling, trembling, joining hands to
dance about,
While the hunters told the stories of the hazard of the
chase,
And the firelight flickered ghostly over many a stoic
face.

There were scenes when Keninsheka saw the tribes
bowed down with grief,
Saw belabored files of warriors heap the mound above
their chief.
Saw the fitful flares of mourning from the cairns on
mountain-head,
Heard the wailing of the living, felt the passing of the
dead.

Where, above my Falls, the Gauley links her arm in
mine to flow,
As a helping friend to guide me o'er the tumble just
below;
There, above the kindly Gauley, jutting boldly high in
air,
Lover's Leap stands dizzy-headed, monument of
Love's despair.

Long ago a Shawnee maiden, meek as nodding daffo-
dils,
Loved a chieftain Cherokee from east of Allegheny
hills;
Hopeless love! They leapt the precipice high above
my lowly tide;
But, together, Keninsheka holds them to her wooded
side.

Come their spirits to the valley with the summer's
mountain breeze,
O'er the Hawk's Nest in the winter, sighing through
the hemlock trees;
Blissful spirits! Singing, sighing, voices joined in
sweet accord,
Keninsheka found and gave them happiness forever
stored.

Thus my story, never finished, I bear ever to the sea;
And the ocean waves repeat it so that men may know
of me;
Thus may ancient Keninsheka, in dim ages to begin,
Tell the legend of the present to a future race of men.

—*Fred W. Goshorn*

The Charleston Gazette

THE OLD SAILORS

We strong bronzed men of other days sailed all the seven seas
From the gray Aleutian Islands to the sultry Caribees,
And our lean Nantucket skippers
In their tall and hawk-swift clippers
Roamed the bitter waters boldly with no ally but the breeze.

The gulls that circled every port knew well our Yankee sails;
Our hulls bore home strange treasures and our decks were high with bales,
And the Stars and Stripes were flaunted
With a courage nothing daunted
As we held our courses proper through the blizzards and the gales.

But ye that go to sea today—where is the trade we built?
The heritage ye scorn was earned by sweat and blood we spilt.
Blow your lazy floating mansions
With their fancy stairs and stanchions!
Are they true sea-going traders or rotten tinsel gilt?

Yet you your father's children are, our blood throbs in your veins;
You'll break the sloth that binds you in its Lilliputian skeins,

And your souls shall know the wonder
Of the sonorous sea thunder
As you plow the ancient ocean in the highways and the lanes.

—*R. Fred Hamill*

The Nation's Business

A PICTURE

If I were Botticelli
I'd paint the scene my window frames—
Against the background of a sky
Blue as the Madonna's robe
A silver tree uprears its slender bole.
Its dainty limbs droop with a willow's grace
Clothed in pale green leaves
Just touched with gold—for 'tis October.

A flock of tiny golden birds
Lured by this perfect resting place
Pausing in their southward flight
Have 'lighted here.
They flit from twig to twig
Lending the crowning beauty of life
And movement to this charming picture.
I'd paint this scene
With the dryad of the tree
Peeping out to see the transient guests
And frame it in a Gothic frame
Of gold and green—
If I were Botticelli!

—Lewis Harvey

The Huntington Herald-Despatch

GONE

You went away,
Nor cared that I was left behind.
The swift train bore you westward,
And no thought back you cast
To me, lonely at my desk.
Filled with anticipated joys,
Your soul fled faster than the engine
Rushing through the night,
Bearing you ever farther from me.

The call of the future
Obliterates the memory of the past,
For Youth, not Age is forgetful.
This saddens me,
For I no longer forget,
And so I know that Youth has fled
With you.

—*Lewis Harvey*

The Huntington Herald-Despatch

HERALD OF THE RAIN

Smell the rain on the breeze!
Across the wind-swept street,
Cloud shadows pass and meet
Shifting patches of light
Weaving mosaics bright,
Under the new leaft trees.

From orchards bloom laden,
This herald of showers
Gaily shatters flowers,
Till one almost fancies
'Tis a winter wind dances
With a fair snow maiden.

Breath of the coming rain,
Bringing us fragrant news
Of heaven distilled dews,
Fraught with odors entrancing:
Soon the bright drops dancing
You will fling on the pane.

—*Lewis Harvey*

The West Virginia Club Woman

MAY

In purest white and green array
The dog-wood blooms beside the way.
A thrush's song rings out so clear
From silent trees which bend to hear
This charming chorister of May.

Close by a streamlet running near
The iris lifts its pointed spear.
The red-bud's purple flame is gone.
But bluets wake at dewy dawn
To tell us May is really here.

—*Lewis Harvey*

The West Virginia Club Woman

ODELETTE

(*From the French of Henri De Regnier*)

If I speak
Of my love, it is to the slow water
That hears me when I lean
Over it; if I speak
Of my love, it is to the wind
That laughs and murmurs among the branches;
If I speak of my love, it is to the bird
That passes and sings
With the wind;
If I speak
It is to the echo.

If I love with a great love,
Joyous or sad,
It is your eyes;
If I love with a great love,
It is your mouth, serious and sweet,
It is your mouth;
If I love with a great love,
It is your warm body and your cool hands,
And it is your spirit that I seek.

—*Lewis Harvey*

The Huntington Herald-Despatch

THE PASTURE POND

Far from the country road-side's dust,
The pasture-pond lies cool.
Its surface gleams in the sunset's glow
When the bull-bats fluttering low,
Dip their wings in its pool.

The turtles' heads make circles faint
Where they float scarcely seen:
As the softly glowing colors fade
From a sky of crimson and jade,
The pond reflects their sheen.

Evoked from out its quiet depths,
The mists rise and vanish
Like vapors from a witch's brew
In which visions of dazzling hue
Every sadness banish.

A mighty maple, knarled and old
Shadows the pond by day:
Like a sentinel on duty
In the twilight's peaceful beauty,
"All's well," it seems to say.

—*Lewis Harvey*

The Huntington Herald-Despatch

THE SONG SPARROW

Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
Bitter! Bitter! Dear!
Day by day, through the midsummer's heat,
Surveying the world from his swaying seat,
A lonely bard in the lilac tree,
The song sparrow trills life's epitome:
Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
Bitter! Bitter! Dear!

—*Vera Andrew Harvey*

The West Virginia Club Woman

CHALLENGE FOR ALL LOVERS

If I were a dancer and the moon were a ball
I should kick so high I would make her fall.
Someone play a little tune
And I shall try to touch the moon.
O the bright round moon!
The thickening dark which holds the moon
Will not be strong to keep me down.
I shall wear a cap, a jolly little cap,
And a ruffled, fluffy gown,
And slippers made from foam of the sea,
And I'll kick the moon,
The bright, proud moon, the haughty moon,
Down, down, down,
From her long security.

* * * *

Old moon, aren't you afraid of me?

—*Forrest Hatfield*

Kalends

FOR A CARELESS LOVER

Though I turn my mind
To other things,
Birds and books
And butterfly wings,
They fall from my heart
As the ash from the fire....
You are the sweet
Of my desire.

—*Forrest Hatfield*

The Athenaeum

MY BEADS

I am eighteen; but oh, today
I did a childish thing:
I made some colored paper beads
And hung them on a string.

Now I wear them secretly
Because I want them near
For every bead to me is like
One whom I hold dear.

One's misty green and faint rose flame;
And one is yellow and white;
One is black and red; and one
Is brown with golden light.

One's purpled dark of evening sky;
One's periwinkle blue;
One's glad gray like calm, strong seas
And that's the bead like you:

Gray for clean and goodly heart,
Gray for faith and youth,
And gray for gray I think you've loved
In certain, secret truth.

I am eighteen; but oh, today
I did a childish thing:
I made some colored paper beads
And hung them on a string.

—Forrest Hatfield

The Charleston Gazette

MY GIFT

There is some secret pleasance
The hearts of each of us hold,
Copious peace, or beauty,
Or carelessness of gold.

What shall I say my gift is?
Sorrow or thirsting after
Gold, peace, and beauty?
No! my gift is laughter.

—*Forrest Hatfield*

The Athenaeum

MAIN STREET

There's a sunny side to our Main Street
Where the apple blossoms blow
And petaled showers of perfumed white
Drip like fragrant snow.

The ivy clings to old brick walls
And hollyhocks nod their head,
While stately irises straight and tall
Guard the peony bed.

On the fence gay ramblers twine their stems—
Noisy with honey bees
With a clarion call to his answering mate
A cardinal sings in the trees.

Bachelor's button and bleeding heart
Speak of the sorrow of love,
While the sunflowers bold, with their hearts of gold,
Turn to the light above.

A soft breeze whispers in the leaves;
Do spirits walk in the corn?
See "love-in-a-mist" and prim little rose
Hide their faces all forlorn.

It is not Heaven of which I write
Or a place that is far away,
It's just Main Street, where my neighbors live,
And the time a fair June day.

—Olita Withers Hooker

The Upshur Record

MEADOW LILIES

You grow in marshy meadows,
You stand so straight and tall,
Your orange gown with green is bound
Black beads are over all.

When crescent moon throws shadows,
And when the world is asleep,
You call the folk invisible
From out the sylvan deep.

With tones of sweet enchantment
Ring out your mystic bell,
But what you say to fairies gay
To me you will not tell.

—*Olita Withers Hooker*

The Upshur Record

THE COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE

'Tis not the title that you hold,
Nor yet the work you do,
The laborers must be plentiful,
The need for genius few.

And tho it's fine to fire men's souls,
With inspiration new,
The Courage of the Commonplace
Deserves its laurels too.

God's work-shop is this busy earth,
Where each must delve or spin,

Until lifted to a higher class
Our greater tasks begin.

—*Olita Withers Hooker*

The Upshur Record

THE HILL COUNTRY

There's a quaint old Indian legend
It was told in the campfire glow,
How the mountains came into being
In the ages long ago.
'Twas on the last great day of creation
That His measure of beauty He'd fill,
When everything else was finished
Manitou fashioned a hill.

At the foot of the hill was a river,
Where the wild things dip and skim,
And its waters were blue as the heavens
Reflected in their brim.
From out of His master paint box
In colors both soft and gay,
He painted the mists of morning
In tones of blue and gray.

There were bold high lights at noonday,
With a swirl of purple hue,
There was orange and gold at sunset
On a canvas always new.
Over the crest of the mountain
He sent in stately array
The rainstorm armed battalion
Like warriors drawn for the fray.

After Wakanda's artillery
Its last shining bolt had hurled,
Out of the face of the mountain
The smoke from the peace pipe curled.
So Manitou loved the hill land
And the mountains He made that day
And chose them for His dwelling,
So the Indian stories say.

I wish I might paint it in colors,
The tales they told to me,
Where the foothills enfold the mountains
And shelter their mystery.

—Olita Withers Hooker

The West Virginia Review

THE WINTER RIVER

Cool is the breath of the falling snow
Where the pine trees sway and quiver,
Hushed is the voice of the calling stream
Asleep is the soul of the river.

Dark and green is the quiet stream,
Unmoved by the pine trees' wailing,
Asleep and dreaming gentle dreams
Of springtime's soft unveiling.

—Olita Withers Hooker

The Upshur Record

THE VOICES OF AUTUMN

With breath that chills,
While yet it thrills,
Comes tang of Autumn day;
But whether sad,
Or whether glad,
Its message, who can say?

Like all the things
That Nature brings,
It croons a dual song,
Its joyous tone
Is not alone
To greet the list'ning throng.

The golden horn
Of Autumn's morn,
With plenty in the land,
Brings song of praise
For peaceful days,
And Wisdom's guiding hand.

But as we note,
The golden coat
The forest dons for Fall,
We hear full well
A sombre knell—
A Summer's dying call.

A year has past—
Mayhap the last,—
We do not—should not—know,
One less ahead
For all to tread,
With faltering steps, and slow.

Thus side by side,
These voices glide
Adown the Autumn breezes;
Which is the glad,
And which the sad,
Each heart hears as it pleases.

—*Clyde Beecher Johnson*

The West Virginia Review

WHIMSICAL LADY

Spring comes up our alley a tip-toeing—
Brown and tattered garments all a flowing—
  Out of Winter's jealous grip,
  Spring has given him the slip!
Laughing, panting,—sunny hair a blowing.

Very poor and sorry is our alley,
Why should happy Spring pause here to dally?
  Lo, she lingers long to preen,
  'Broiders her brown robe with green,
Holds her first gay dandelion rally.

Though the city park would win her over,
Calling, pleading, wooing like a lover,
  In the hollows, snow lies deep.
  Spring prefers a warm ash heap!
Likes a sheltered hidden bit of cover.

How the pale, thin babies in our alley
Laugh to see the dandelion rally.
  Wistfully reach out to Spring,
  To her 'broidered garments cling.
Is this why she loves it in our alley?

—*Jeannette Arnett Leeper*

The Voice

THE RAVEN ROCKS

Deep in the cliff is the raven's nest,
As the niche love holds within my breast.
And the sweep of the crag to the sky above
Is the heavenward reach of my house of love.

Far from the storm is the raven's young,
Unscathed as my love from envious tongue.
For a nestling's home and a love's repose
Shall tower securely above their foes.

A blithesome tenantry are they
Of my storm-swept heart and the cliff so gray.
Serenely ensconced from the season's shocks
In the heart's stronghold and the raven rocks.

—Lena Griffin McBee

The West Virginia Review

EASTER RAIN

I think the sap of every spray
Leaps to a hidden tune today,
Bursting in music green and gay;
For love is falling in the rain,
Drenching the world to life again,
Splashing through the April air
Resurrection everywhere.

O Magic of the humble shower!
Cup-bearer to the smallest flower!
Stooping to pour the gift divine
In living streams of dewy wine
Where honeysuckles leap and twine!
Holding the cup to thirsty leaves
Of hawthorn bush and dogwood trees,
While little birds in every lane
Sing "Love is falling in the rain!"

O Mystery, to bend so low
That in a raindrop You might go!
O Love, so intimate and small,
The breath, the bloom, the gift of all!
The Very Heart of every heart,
The end, the middle, and the start,
Above, below, within, without—
O April blossoms, laugh and shout!
And soul, sing forth a high refrain,
Lifting a mad and happy strain,
For Love is falling in the rain!

—Margaret Prescott Montague

The North American Review

THE CHRISTMAS STREET

Red of holly, swirl of snow,
Scurry of passing feet,
Jumble of people, high and low—
This is the Christmas street.
White man, black man, bishop, Jew—
Christ was born for all of you!

Cherished children, a hungry tot,
Sad little face and eye;
Chinaman, negro, polyglot,
Tramp and tramping by.
Rich man, poor man, beggarman, too—
Christ has died for all of you!

Santa Claus, and mistletoe,
Newsboy, fakir, cheat,
Drab, and virgin, on they go—
This is the Christmas street.
Pass and pass, O motley crew—
Christ He lives in all of you!

—*Margaret Prescott Montague*

The House Beautiful

ARMISTICE DAY

Blow, bugles, softly above their sleep;
Blow them a dream from over the deep
Of streets and cities they used to know,
And friendly faces of long ago,
Steeped in the sunshine, the after-glow,
Of such a November day.

Sing them, bugles, your songs of old,
Ne'er a tune of a world grown cold.
Sing them of sweethearts rememb'ring still,
Of the wistful wail of the whippoorwill,
And the lights of the old home over the hill
In the sweep of the twilight gray.

Tell them, bugles, those sons of the West,
Slumbering far from the Mother's wide breast,—
Tell them of Autumn come laughing again,
Aglow on the mountains and Spring in her train,
The song of the swallow, the sheen of the grain,
As it was in the seasons gone.

Bid them, bugles, sleep deep in their fame,
Knowing their loved land ever the same:
Seed-time and harvest and sun and shower,
Linked in the might of a measureless Power,
A-march on the highway they made in that hour.
Bearing their heritage on.

—*Karl Myers*

The Randolph Enterprise

EVIDENCES

All I know of Eden
  Is printed on a page
Over which the doctors
  Endless warfare wage.

Veiled in mist and legend
  Is Ararat for me;
That momentous mountain
  I shall never see;
And upon it never
  Wise men can agree.

Oft I hear of Sinai,
  Wrapped in mystic awe,
From whose lofty summit
  Pealed the word of law.

But, I've seen a vista
  From my cabin door,
Which, of strength and beauty
  Always tells me more
Than uncounted volumes
  And sermons by the score.

Seek you faith? I found it
  In river and in range
Saw the Maker's ordered
  Ways that never change.

Ararat and Sinai
  And Eden—far-off things—

Call for blind believing;
  But my own land brings
God so near, his angels
  Fill the air with wings.

—*Karl Myers*

The West Virginia Review

INDIAN SUMMER

When radiant Summer doth her realm divine
  Relinquish, until Autumn wreaks his will
  In witchery of frost and flaming hill,
And then returns again, a space to shine,
I think of friends who drank with me the wine
  Of youth, and then fared far away, until
  Age brought them home,—so like she seems, and still
Unlike these shifting human friends of mine.

For oft upon them hath Life's heavy hand
  Such marks of sorrow and of passion pressed
    That scarce the mind recalls who once
      they were.
But Indian Summer doth all ill withstand,
  Mature she comes, in dreamy beauty dressed;
    Changed but for better, made by time
      more fair.

—*Karl Myers*

The Charleston Mail

MARY

He does not need to sail the seas
Nor June-enchanted skies,
Who does a while, if fortune please,
Look in my Mary's eyes.
I know not if they be of blue,
Or of old Ocean's greenish hue,
But kind they are, and wise;
And like the heavens and waters, deep
And peaceful as the heart of sleep.

And who would seek for Ophir's gold,
Or amber, clear and rare,
When once his favored eyes behold
My Mary's wondrous hair?
The beauty that dawn-watchers know,
The splendor of the after-glow,
Are met and mingled there,
As if God had, in blessing, spread
His fairest colors on her head.

By day a hope, by night a dream,
Her presence, all the way,
Has made my burdens lighter seem;
And on the Final Day,
When at the Gate I lay them down,
I shall not claim a spangled crown,
Nor harp, if I but may
Be granted some secluded place,
To gaze forever on her face.

—Karl Myers

The Randolph Enterprise

RED AND WHITE

Red and white—red and white:
I see the gleam of them down the night;
Soft-footed phantoms, bearing the crests
Of Mercy omnipotent on their breasts.
After the red wrath, after the sword,
In the twilight hush of the darkened ward,
They felt the benison of her tears—
O Greatest Mother of all the years!

Red and white,—red and white:
Written in letters of lasting light
Shall be their story, where fire and flame
Have stripped a city of all but name,

Or river has leaped, in ruthless tide,
Familiar borders, and wandered wide,
Or Death has wearied of weapons old,
And sown strange maladies manifold.

Spirit of Christmas, ever anew,
Mother eternal, it lives in you;
Bearing your oriflamme down the night,—
Red and white,—red and white.

—Karl Myers

The Charleston Mail

THE MOUNTAINS

When from afar
I see their shoulders bearing up the sky,
Sun-crowned and shadow-kissed,
As from dull, level, alien landscapes I
Return—oh! sweeter than a star
To seamen wandering in the mist.

For this I know—
And with contented knowledge thrill—
That, howsoever far I roam,
I shall behold them standing, changeless, still,
Though loved companions of the long ago
Be gone, when I come home.

And there the Spring
Shall plant her sweetest garden; there a green
Heaven shall vie with the blue ones overhead;
Summer survey her fruitfulest demesne;
Autumn be gayest; and strong Winter fling
His brightest blanket over Summer's bed.

These are my friends,
Faithful forevermore, and oft I sorrow
That I have given them nothing such as they
Have given me, and that on the morrow
When the long, careless journey gently ends,
I shall have lived in vain, have earned no bay.

Not quite in vain!
When all my simple, futile songs are done,
Ah! lay me there. If from my dust a flower
Shall spring to drink the rain and love the sun—
One small gem in the mountains' lustrous chain—
I shall be quite contented in that hour.

—Karl Myers

The West Virginia Review

THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

When Time inflexibly shall take
My love away from me,
When hammers of misfortune break
The bonds of memory,
When, bearing cross and thorny crown, to Calvarys I come,
Not all your praising lips can prove the glory worth the cost,
Can teach me faith and hope as does the white chrysanthemum,
The sweet and bold chrysanthemum that blossoms after frost.

Go, take your cold, confusing creeds,
Your dull philosophies;
Go, tell to men of lesser needs
Your rites and rosaries;
Go, sing the lilac's loveliness, the rose, the eglantine,
The summer's fragrant regiments, so briefly loved and lost.
I think their spirits live again, triumphant and divine,
Within the white chrysanthemum that blossoms after frost.

—*Karl Myers*

The Charleston Mail

TO A DAUGHTER OF THE HILLS

"Attend! Think! Reason! Ponder! Concentrate!"
  O'er such wise sayings this low brow will lean;
  But ever your bright eyes will come between
Mine and the maxims of the long-dead great;
And Fancy capture Thought, poor reprobate!
  And lead him truant through a fair demesne.
  O, never yet, I think, were hills so green
As now, nor heavens so immaculate.
And I am unrepentant: One alone
  Of the three things miraculously here
In sweet conjunction, would itself atone
  For any punishment, howe'er severe.
And who would wade dull books and parchments through,
When he has West Virginia, Spring, and you!

—*Karl Myers*

The West Virginia Review

AUTUMN SYMPHONY

A painter comes across the hills
To give the trees a lovely dress,
But I am loath, I must confess,
To hear the Autumn song he trills.

His palette holds red, yellow, gold,
And splashed against the shadows blue
A silver stab of orchid hue
Reminds me I am growing old.

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

The West Virginia Club Woman

CHANGELING

I love a tree all clothed in white
Embraced by Winter's throes,
And yet she covets cool green leaves
Before her snow-god goes.
I love a maid with ripe-red lips
Perhaps the maid loves me,
I wonder will a maid become
A changeling like a tree?

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

Parnassus

NIGHT REIGNS, THEN DAY

The dusk falls like a veil across the hills,
The thrush is silent, the streams are sleeping.

A sweet content and peace my spirit fills
  Like primrose buds that hesitate
And spill their perfume with a silken sound
  Upon the moon-lit world,—
And night reigns supreme.

The dawn slowly lifts dusk's curtain up,
  Each babbling brook calls waking kine,
And nectar rare fills each flowery cup,
  Life calls me.
I hear the cardinal's clear ringing note
  Upon the sun-lit world,—
And day reigns supreme.

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

The American Poetry Magazine

REALITY

My heart is an age-old temple
  With priests in robes like dreams
And ancient bells oft tolling
  And shrines where soft light gleams.

My soul is filled with sadness
  This temple will decay
And rust will cover lovely bells
  And priests will file away.

Elizabeth Davis Richards.

Parnassus.

SPRINGTIME

I feel your mystic presence
With the old persuasive charm;
I see the golden jonquils,
They all my fears disarm.
I hear your dreamy whisper
Which the evening dusk distills;
My soul is calmed with beauty
Like some far-off storm-clad hills.

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

The West Virginia Club Woman

THE FAIREST FLOWER THAT GROWS

Oh West Virginia, I love your hills of green,
I love your gurgling brooks in shady ways,
Your dashing waterfalls with silver sheen—
I love your cardinal's sweet, solemn lays.
But how can I your rhododendron praise?
White waxy flowers touched with softest rose,
By far the fairest flower that grows.
And in your darkest wood's deep solitude
A lovely life the wild arbutus knows.
Small wonder that your children's song should be
"Montani, Semper Liberi."

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

The West Virginia Club Woman

THE MIRACLE

I heard the leaves cry in the night
As if an arrow swift and keen
Had stabbed each unsuspecting heart
And in the dawn not one was seen.
I marveled at the miracle,
For all the trees, tho' gaunt and bare,
Reared jaunty branches in the sky,
As tho' each lovely leaf was there.

One time a bow unsheathed by Death
An arrow sent; it pierced your heart.
And I go moaning down my days,
For you and I must walk apart.

—*Elizabeth Davis Richards*

The West Virginia Club Woman

HILL HUNGER

I think that something in the hill child dies
When he is taken to the level lands.
The man bred by an ocean understands,
And he will tell you that his sick heart sighs
For hiss of surf—and all his being cries
For roar of waves, and spray upon his hands;
Ever beneath his weary feet the sands—
Ever a sail before his searching eyes—

And so I think the hill child always sees
That broken line inked in against the skies,
Where saffron sunset drops to meet the trees
Upon the hill tops—and the night hawk flies
And when his mind cannot recapture these
I think that something in the hill child dies.

—*Lillian Mayfield Roberts*

The West Virginia Review

IF FOR THE WIFE

If I can keep my nerve when, unexpected,
An extra man comes strolling in to dine,
And sweetly serve him—and not be detected—
The salad that should rightfully be mine;
If I can wait an hour for my dinner
And serve the ruin, yet keep my face serene,
Nor blame tough biscuits on the actual sinner,
But swallow them and so avoid a scene;

If I can hear the phone when I've been waiting
For hours to be taken to a show,
And answer it and keep my voice from grating
When husband says he finds he cannot go—
A man came in tonight whom he's been trying
In vain for many days and weeks to see—
If I can say to him, although I'm lying,
"It really didn't inconvenience me;"

If I can let The Day tick off its hours
Without reminding him and without tears,
Not think of all the times he sent me flowers
For no real cause at all—in other years;
If I can realize that his forgetting
Is no true index of his love and thought,
And see that in resentment I am letting
Fade and die out real flowers he has brought;

If I can be the first, with harsh words spoken,
To say "Forgive me," and "I'm sorry," too,
Yet feel the strength of right in me unbroken,
And know resentful flames still burn in you,
If I can do these things—yet without meekness—
And with it all still keep my joy in life,
Knowing "to give" is strength and never weakness,
I'll be your partner and—a Perfect Wife!

—Lillian Mayfield Roberts

The Ladies' Home Journal

IN THE MARKET

On Mondays, Thursdays and on Saturdays
She comes and stops, considering, at my stall.
I hurry forward, letting others wait—
The fat one who would buy a lunch of leeks,
The fretful woman jerking at her child
And whining that my lettuce is not fresh.

"Your strawberries are very fine to-day,"
She says and smiles. (Her lips are soft and red.)
I smile in answer at the little game;
I know she can not buy my strawberries.
"Will you have cumquats, or some tangerines?"
I ask her, oh, so very seriously.
She frowns a little, finger at her lips
And lingering glance upon their vividness,
Then shakes her head. (Her hair is softly brown.)
"These gold persimmons, or those grapes from Spain?"
Her eyes are dreamy, and I—foolishly—
I see myself beside her on the grass,
Dropping the golden cumquats in her lap,
The breeze about us and the mellow sun....

I tie her little package carefully—
Neither the cumquats nor the grapes from Spain—
And she is gone among the pushing crowd.
The market house is very dark to-day....
My tangerines are like a smouldering fire.

—Lillian Mayfield Roberts

Sunset Magazine

MILLS

They told me at the mill, the place to go
To get away from all the heat and dirt,
Was in the COUNTRY, spelled with capitals.
"Go out," they says, and "get a good old rest.
Commune with Nature—hear the birdies sing—"
And so I came—two days ago—and say,
This little week is gonna be a year!
And as for Nature, all I ever hear
Is some blamed bird—I spose it is a bird—
That parks hisself outside my window, nights,
And likes to drives me crazy, keepin' up
That everlastin', lispin' whine of his.
Commune?

I sit awhile and lissen to
That bird, an' all the other lonesome sounds
This place can make—an' watch the sun go down—
An' yawn—

An' Boy, these sunsets—they can't hold
A candle to the light from our old mill,
And that blast furnace lickin' up the dark
Like puss licks milk—

Oh Lord if I was back—
Just standin' in the doorway, lookin' on,
The place all rosy with the molten steel,
An' all the fellows black against the light
Like things you see in pictures—only more—
I wish that I was back, so I could hear
Some noise again—the roar an' clank an' boom
An' hiss—an' metal runnin' red as blood—

I wish that I was back again, but first
Just let me wring that lispin' birdie's neck!

—*Lillian Mayfield Roberts*

The West Virginia Review

OIL

Fifth floor, out sir?
  Up and down I go.
You who travel up and down,
  You can never know—
Once I was a millionaire,
  Once a pauper, too,
I have wandered everywhere
  The short years thru—

I have followed all the fields, changed with every sun,
I have thrown the dice and lost—thrown them, too,
    and won.
I have seen big wells come in—I have seen them dry,
I have watched the gushers flow, golden, to the sky,
I have seen the young grow old, old men lose their
    years,
I have seen the weak made strong, strong men lost in
    tears—

And I'm sick with longing,
  To feel the soft gray sands,
Pungent with the smell of oil,
  Sifting thru my hands.

I have seen a city with a thousand homes
  Vanish in a night's time, like a tribe of gnomes.
Heartache—disappointment—put them all to rout,
  Leaving empty houses, when the oil played out.
I have been a millionaire, and a pauper, too,
  Nothing left but memories—what can Eighty do?

But I'm sick with longing
To feel the soft gray sands,
Pungent with the smell of oil,
Sifting thru my hands—
Tenth floor, out sir?
Easy work is toil.
Oh! the heartsick longing
For the smell of oil!

—*Lillian Mayfield Roberts*

The West Virginia Review

RETROSPECT

At last the house is sold, and I can rest,
And think about the money in the bank,
Instead of sitting drooping, on the stair,
Looking with blurred eyes on the things I love.
It is a great—a very great—relief.
And small apartments are quite nice, they say,
The work much easier—And at my age
An elevator will be such a help.
Not quite so pretty as my stair, perhaps,
That winds, so graceful, to the rooms above—
The walnut room that was my mother's, and
The little one we called the nursery.
It has three tiny windows looking out
On the old pear tree with the blue bird's box,
And crocus flowers, early in the spring.

I hope the new folks will take care of them.
I cannot work with flowers any more.

Oh it was best to sell—I know—of course,
It was not wise to live there all alone—

I shall be quite contented as it is,
And much—much—better off.
I only hope
The new folks will not drive my wren away,
Nor let the children pull my irises.
The woman said "It is a fine old home,
And with improvements, it will be quite nice."
I could have cried out with the hurt of it.

Oh well, they cannot change my memories,
And after all, it was the thing,—to sell.
And some one said that my apartment has
A lovely little, modern, white-tiled bath.

—*Lillian Mayfield Roberts*

The House Beautiful

CHRIST HAS RISEN

Rejoice! Arise from doubt and grief,
The night of sorrow is no more;
The earth is bright with flower and leaf,
To greet the Lord, whom we adore;
Our cherished faith is not in vain—
The Lord of light is risen again.

Our Lord is risen from the tomb,
And on this beauteous Easter Day,
We bring the scented lilies' bloom
And kneel in fragrant aisles to pray.
There with the morning's golden glow,
Our hearts are cleansed of dark despair;
His love surrounds us and we know
His Light is shining everywhere.

—*Alice Ward Rowland*

The Wheeling News

COMRADES

With flag unfurled and muffled drum,
Again with rev'rent step we come
To where all woes have found release—
The silent, mystic place of peace.
Here, where our fallen comrades rest
With Bravery's color over each breast.

Resting, with voice and memory mute,
They wait the call of the salute
That wakens not to gloom and strife,
But to sweet sunshine, warmth and life;

While comrades scarred, tender and true,
Bear wreaths, the hallowed sod to strew..

The turf enwreathed with garlands gay,
But wraps the form of mortal clay
That with earth's toilsome race is done.
Their badge of honor nobly won,
The Great Commander from above,
Woke them to endless life—and love!

—Alice Ward Rowland

The Wheeling News

MY VALENTINE

If I could have one gift today,
I'd ask but this, that I might be
The sweet incense of roses—
That brings fair dreams of youth to me,
Dreams when my love was young and fair,
Her smile, my greatest earthly bliss;
When life was like a nectar rare,
In every luscious draught a kiss.

Just for today I'd ask to hold
This fragrance to my soul, that there,
Its beauteous petals would unfold
And sweet perennial blossoms rare,
Of heavenly peace and joy would spring,
To glorify life's barren way.
O'er all the world these blooms I'd fling,
If I could have this gift today!

—Alice Ward Rowland

The Wheeling News

A LEGEND

There comes to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot
And whether I read it or dreamed it
Ah, well, it matters not.

It said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly sings
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings.

If he put from his heart the longing,
The passion, the pain and strife,
The doubts and all of the discords
That throb in the pulses of life,

Till his soul is filled with the music
And God's own wonderful peace
Shall dwell in his heart forever
Till its last faint throb shall cease.

Let us take to our hearts this lesson,
Let us ponder awhile and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me.

—*Rose Osborne Sell*

The Southern Churchman

BALLADE OF THE LOST LAND

Oh, I was queen of an ancient land
That lies beneath the sea;
And countless years have come and gone
Since I saw my own countrie.

When I was queen in my own land,
In my palace by the sea,
Oh, I had but to raise my eyes
And kings' sons strove for me.

When I reigned in my father's halls
That I held by birth and fee,
An hundred knights stood by my side
To bear me companie.

When I walked in my palace halls
I did but lift my hand,
And four and twenty ladies fair
Awaited my command.

My fighting men that marched along,
They marched ere day begun,
And still they passed my city gates
After the day was done.

But I was proud and fair of face,
And I sinned in my pride,
For I brake the heart of my true love
Before the day he died.

For that, the ancient gods arose—
Beware the high gods' wrath—
They drave the waters of the sea
On a forbidden path.

My fighting men, my maidens fair,
And my true love with me,
We lie in a forgotten land
Beneath the Western sea.

—*Rose Osborne Sell*

The West Virginia Club Woman

BLUE ROSES

Oh, I have wanted blue roses!
Blue roses, my whole life long.
I've sought them by path and by highway
And squandered my heart for a song.

A song that told of blue roses—
A song that would show me the way,
To the land where they grow blue roses,
Over the edge of the day.

I have found plenty of roses;
Of roses, white, yellow and red,
Roses that blossomed in beauty
In many a garden bed.

But, oh! I wanted blue roses.
I care not for red nor white.
I've searched in vain for blue roses,
Blue roses, my soul's delight.

—*Rose Osborne Sell*

The West Virginia Club Woman

A LEGEND OF THE STAR

As the days grow shorter
And the nights more long,
Comes an old, old story,
Sweeter than a song,
Telling of the angels
And the star's unrest,
Leading to a manger,
With its infant Guest.

Though the winds blow wintry,
And the air is chill,
There's a wondrous magic
In that story still.
How it woos and wins us,
Beckons from afar,
Till we kneel in fancy,
Underneath the star.

There's a pretty legend
Which I would unfold:
How the star that hovered
In the days of old,
O'er the infant Jesus,
In His lowly bed,
Never yet has faded,
But still shines o'erhead.

Though that star has journeyed
Far beyond our ken,
It returns to bless us
Once each year again,

And on Christmas morning,
Though we may not know,
Beams as bright above us
As in long ago.

Down a shining ladder,
'Twixt the earth and sky,
Starbeams, bright, descending
From their home on high,
Come to us like angels,
Messengers of cheer,
Seeming soft to whisper:
"Lo, the Christ is here!"

But we cannot see them,
For our faith is dim,
And we have not followed
In the steps of Him.
Only when for others
We our all have given,
Shall we see the glory
Of that star in Heaven.

'Tis a legend, merely,
But how blest the theme.
Is it nought but fancy,
Nothing but a dream?
Does it not teach something
In this world of strife,
That to live for others
Is the better life?

Not for self to struggle,
Blindly, day by day,
But to help another
Onward in the fray.

Not on Christmas, only,
But the year around,
Till the star of Jesus,
Perfect Peace, is found!

—Thomas Russell Shelton

The American Poetry Magazine

AUTUMN

Autumn is entangled in a maple tree,
Whose cunning branches have entrapped her there,
Like a bewildered bird within a snare.
The leaves are crimson with her blood, and see
Her golden wings outspread! She would be free.
Soon will the north wind pity her despair,
And with his icy fingers come and tear
The leaves away and give her liberty.
Then she will fly to some far favored nest.
Perhaps 'tis yonder in the western sky,
Where I have seen a flock of clouds that vie
With her when she is at her loveliest,
Or maybe to the east her flight she turns,
Where morning with autumnal beauty burns.

—Thomas Russell Shelton

The American Poetry Magazine

CRUSADERS

My garden seems a holy land, for there,
All summer long, a sisterhood of flowers
With Beauty's creed refined the passing hours.
Night brought them dew-drops, rosaries to wear,

And every morning zephyr seemed a prayer;
But Autumn's tawny hosts, like Moslem powers,
Fanatic fell upon defenceless bowers,
And put to death the innocent and fair.

Now come avenging armies of the snow
From castled clouds above, while far and wide
The wintry winds triumphant trumpets blow.
Behold the white crusaders, side by side,
Into my garden marching, row on row,
To kiss the spot where martyred flowers died!

—*Thomas Russell Shelton*

Contemporary Verse

THE TREE

My Lord, I do not understand;
Thou givest me threescore years and ten
To make and mold my life, and then—
Dear Lord, to grow one perfect tree
A thousand years are not to Thee
Too many years for Thy wise hand
To make this redwood tree!
And threescore years and ten for me!
Behold this pebble at my feet,
Round, smooth, and white, a perfect stone;
Ten thousand years upon ten thousand years have flown
Since this one was begun!
And I
Have only threescore years and ten,
And heart on fire with keen desire,
A brain alive to work and strive!
Ten million years too soon would fly,
And I have threescore years and ten!
Where is Thy justice, dear God, when
To make a tree a thousand years,
A million years to make a stone,
And then, despite our prayers and tears,
A span of threescore years and ten
Is given to men!

* * * *

Let be, my body is the seed; for me
Is made Eternity!

—*Anna Pierpont Siviter*

The American Poetry Magazine

PROOF OF DEVOTION

Not only when life's blessings fall
And give you much to share;
Not only when love fills your heart
And calms the pulse of care;
Not only in the quiet dawn
Or the rest hour of day's noon;
Not only when the curtained day
Drifts silently—
Would I serve you, dear.

May thoughts of me creep through the din
Of the battles of the day—
And know my wishes for you
With blessings flood your way.
May longings for me fill your soul,
When fevers rack your power—
As well as when life's health and joys
Fill every day's brief hour.

—*Blanche Dunlevy Steenrod*

The Wheeling Register

AMERICA MOURNS

Beneath a sadly drooping flag
A nation bows its reverent head
In retrospect, while murmuring
A tribute to the honored dead.

History's surging seas once more
Have tossed the sturdy ship of state
Upon the barren, rock-bound shore;
And, while it struggles here with fate,
The billows from an unknown realm
Have swept the master from the helm.

Another shadow deep is traced
In memory's fading twilight nook—
Another glowing page is placed
In history's most honored book.

The flag that once he gloried in
And served throughout a full lifetime
Has now become the hero's shroud,
Tribute returned for love sublime.
Lift the shroud back from his face
Consign him to his resting place.

—W. Merritt Taggart

The Parkersburg Sentinel

GEESE

When wild geese call and steady wings
In line past stars have filed,
Fanned is the flame of unfed fires
That burned me as a child;
The out-trail hunger grows and stings.
Take care; decoyed by spirit things,
Lest tame geese join the wild!

—H. Wyatt Washington

Contemporary Verse

"IF WISHES WERE HORSES BEGGARS WOULD RIDE

On trundling wheels gay caravans
Of gipsies passed today!
Old fortunes for the finding theirs
Upon the King's highway;
Old tunes they piped I fain would learn,
As o'er the hill rode they.

A painted cart creaked by, and then
Dust clouds came down to rest;
But I had glimpsed a mother's smile,
Her baby at her breast!
Her wagon box a throne became,
The cart a palace blest!

Seems now my spacious mansion but
A prison house, for I
Would take the road and ride, to room

Unroofed beneath the sky,
If close, like hers, and warm, a babe
Within my arms might lie.

—*H. Wyatt Washington*

The Huntington Advertiser

IT'S SHIFTIN' TIME

The sun-bird turns on golden wing and leads the world to the nest of Spring,
Where bud and bough and breathing thing like fledgelings stir and grow.
Bright blossom broods hatched out o'er night; wild wings in line for northern flight,
My lips a'thirst for the salt sea's bite, it's shiftin' time, let's go!

I'd find where Spring unbinds her hair and weaves of flowers new gowns to wear,
Then steered by the Four-winds, whither? where? she'll sail away with me.
Yo ho for the outbound caravan! my ship for the seven seas I'll man
Nor rest till the sun-bird's feathers span with gold the western sea.

—*H. Wyatt Washington*

Contemporary Verse

PARADISE OF FLOWERS

April thru my window leaned,
Lilacs on her brow;
Brought me breath of violets,
And to hawthorn bough
Swarms of buds like honey bees.
April told me how

Crocuses are purple clouds
Splashed down by the rain;
How from sunny scraps she weaves
Daffodils again:
Wakes the woodland with her touch,
Paints the primrose lane,

And her garden in the sky
Is a bent rainbow!
Flower-souls of April's gone
Bloom there row on row;
'Tis the Paradise of Flowers,
April told me so.

—H. Wyatt Washington

Contemporary Verse

SOMEBODY'S YARD

I play in Somebody's yard each day,
All trees and flowers and shine:
Mamma says it all belongs to God,
But my Daddie says it's mine.

One day a drop of melted sun
Splashed down on the cherry snows:
"Gold-finches back—they belong to Spring":
And I guess my Daddie knows!

I ran off and picked a baby rose
When the grass was wet with dew,
'Course I brought it in for Mamma to kiss;
'Twas all full of tears; wouldn't you?

Bad winds tore a scrap from a snow white cloud
And blew it down from the sky,
I chased it for God to sew back again
And it turned to a butterfly!

And I jes squeezed two of God's downy chicks
'Cause the rooster wanted to fight
Who b'longs to this big yard anyhow?
I don't understand, not quite.

—H. Wyatt Washington

Contemporary Verse

THE GREAT BLACK FLEET

Crying of hawser; creak of chain!
Wind-blown smoke; a dash of rain,
And tow-boats breathing like things in pain
In the Great Kanawha's mouth,
Waiting the crest of a man-made tide
Their coal barges loaded, at anchor ride,
Till rocks and sandbars on schedule hide
When the great black fleet goes south.

Winking of stern lights that swing and sway,
Waving gold wakes in a spiral spray
Along the trail where dying day
Mates with the new-born night.

Singing of bacon, hot coffee steams,
Then pipes and yarns—then yawns and dreams,
The night watch nodding 'mid fickle gleams
Of his lantern's blinking light.

Dawning of morn; white fog ghosts die;
Wild geese honking as straight they fly
The tideless blue uncharted sky
To an endless summer day.
Eight bells; deep whistles boom and blow!
Hissing of steam; the ebb and flow
Of the Tide's crest. "Aye, aye, Sir; let's go;"
The black fleet is under way.

Then HAIL for the tow-boat caravan,
That steams to marts of the merchant-man
On a flood whose flow no drought can ban
With th' Ohio's dams sluiced free!
And CHEERS for the West Virginia hills;
For her worth, her wealth, her coal which fills
Her Great Black Fleets as commerce wills.
"MONTANI SEMPER LIBERI."

—H. Wyatt Washington

The West Virginia Review

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS

(*To Joyce Kilmer's Mother*)

Close by her window pane
In the warm earth,
Poppy seeds stir again,
Springing to birth.

Planted in sacred sod
From "Over There,"
Slender stemmed blossoms nod,
Red poppies rare!
Beaming like smiles from God,
Tender as prayer.

While bows each scarlet head,
Mother-heart creeps,
Far, where 'neath narrow bed
Her flower sleeps.

Sacred that holy shrine,
France proudly bears,
At that white cross divine,
Lays she her fears.
Shattered red poppies shine,
Bright as her tears.

Close by her window side,
Poppies are sown;
Up in God's garden wide,
Blossoms her own.

—H. Wyatt Washington

The Times

To the Editor, The Times, New Brunswick, N. J.:

When I was in France Last September, Dr. Kilmer had some earth taken from my son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer's grave, and we brought it home with us. My friends in Kilmer, Yorkshire, England, had given us some poppyseed, which on our return home were planted in the sacred earth from France, and which are now coming up. I told this incident to a poet friend in West Virginia who has just written a little poem on it. I enclose the original copy, which you may publish.

Cordially yours,
Annie Kilburn Kilmer.

EXEMPT

How still they rest,
The dead ones blest.

Soldier, in thy quiet bed,
Safe from war and war's alarms,
Where thy low green tent is spread
Sheltering thy dreamless head,
Hearest thou the call to arms?
Hearest thou the battle's roar
Nearer surging day by day—
Wouldst thou gird thee as of yore,
Freedom's red libation pour,
And to glory march away?
Hearest thou the shrieking shell,
Screaming songs of victory?
Where the just in peace would dwell,
Red-eyed Mars with purpose fell
Loosens all the fiends of hell—
Hark! the cry of Liberty!
Doth the war drum's vibrant roll,
Thrilling round a war-mad world,
Echo where thy parted soul,
Having won the final goal,
Rests at last with banners furled?

* * * *

Nay! the sound of rushing feet,
And the patriot's rally shout,
Breaketh not my slumber sweet,
Stirs no more my heart to beat
When the bugle call rings out.
I my duty did not shirk
When my Country called, nor lag

Through the long day's dreadful work,
Through the long night's fearful murk,
  Fighting for my Country's flag.
Now I rest; my work is done;
  I have earned my sweet repose;
Clash of sword and roar of gun
Fall my heedless ear upon—
  I have fought the last of foes.
Let the Old Flag o'er me wave,
  Never more for me the gun;
All in life I freely gave—
E'en my life—the flag to save;
Safe now in my quiet grave,
  PEACE WITH HONOR, I have won.

—*Blanche A. Wheatley*

The Bugle Call

OCTOBER

The sumac's torch is now aflame
  Among the hills of home;
Its crimson signal doth proclaim
  A royal guest is come.
In russet dress the elm behold,
  And poplars' gilded green;
While maples don their cloth-of-gold
  To honor Autumn's queen.
The wild sunflowers bedeck the meads,
  Gay asters nod bright heads;
And every path to glory leads
  Where fair October treads.
Oh, incense sweet of ripened field,
  Of fruitful tree and vine—

All to the queen their treasures yield,
And worship at her shrine.
And e'en the winds 'mong whispering grass,
No longer fancy free,
Now pause to watch October pass
In matchless pageantry.

—*Blanche A. Wheatley*

The West Virginia Club Woman

THE MOUNTAINEER

Well, yes, I 'low that things air high,
An' sorter hard to git,
But higher still is God's blue sky
That even millionaires can't buy—
Jest help yerself to it;
An' feast yer eyes an' thankful be
That you kin still that blue sky see.

O' course we had some loss this year
With drouth, or too much rain;
An' other things we had to bear,
But mixed among 'em, here an' there,
Was joy as well as pain.
There's many songs not put in words—
Be glad you still kin hear the birds.

There's thorns an' varmints, to be sure,
Amongst the flowers an' fruit;
But labor, love an' faith will cure
The hurts we all have to endure
In this here life's pursuit.
Rejoice fer hands an' hearts that cheer—
There's fifty smiles fer every tear.

Though clouds the sky may overcast,
An' hush the warbler's song,
The shadders can't forever last;
The sun'll shine when storms air past,
Then joy will come along.
Jest pin yer faith to Him above,
An' thankful be fer Life an' Love.

—*Blanche A. Wheatley*

The Bugle Call

OUR LIMITATIONS

We may not paint a picture,
A work of real art,
To please the eye of critics,
And touch the tender heart;
We may not write a volume,
For thoughtful minds to read,
Nor carve a marble image
To mark a golden deed;
We may not voice sweet music,
The listening soul to thrill,
Nor speak with words of wisdom,
Nor mold a life at will;
But we can smile so brightly
On sad-faced passersby
That worry clouds will scatter,
And sunshine fill each sky;
And we can be so helpful
To those who need a friend,
That every act of kindness
Will strength and courage lend;
And we can live so nobly,
Whatever may betide,
That those who walk beside us
Will in God's love abide.

—*Nina Blundon Wills*

The West Virginia Club Woman

TREES

You beckoned God through March winds,
  You bowed your heads through May;
And waited all the year long
  For this glad day.

You "set your love upon Him,"
  He lifted you on high;
And now your rainbow colors
  Shame the sky!

He marks your path with glory,
  Your very shadow's gold.
I sometimes marvel what your
  Soul may hold!

Your friend each passer-by,
  Your necklace frost and dew,
Your songs October's sky,
  I envy you!

—*Bettie Bush Winger*

The West Virginia Club Woman

HAPPINESS

I have hunted happiness
  Up the world and down,
Through the leafy country side,
  In the lighted town.
But the gay lass has led me,
  A long, weary chase.
Hardly have I had a glimpse
  Of her lovely face.
Once! Twice! I caught her.
  What a struggle! I
Had to hold her with both hands,
  Wild, elusive, shy.
Oh! to know a happiness
  One need never seek,
A gay, coaxing happiness,
  Winning, eager, meek,
Flying like a silver dove
  In my window wide,
Drawing near with loving look.
  Nestling by my side,
Telling me in accents gay
She would never go away.
The long, long years have taught that
  This can never be.
Happiness could never dwell
  With a maid like me.

—*Anne Hawley Wood*

The New York Times

OPINIONS

Last night our grandchild stayed with John and me.
Sweet, slim and stylish, pretty as a rose.
And after tea she sat before the fire
And told us all her troubles and the woes
Which make her life a burden hard to bear.
How that—
Her father will not give her hardly half
The spending money that her girl friends have.
Her mother will not let her have a date
Save at week-ends, and even then but one.
Her brothers tease and dirty up the house.
Her Prof. thinks she will fail in Latin,
Says,
A miracle alone can save in Math.
Her father will not get them a new car.
Altho' he knows the old one's out of date.
It's open, too! She's mortified to death
Each time she rides in the old rattletrap.
Her mother keeps on having Mrs. Smith.
She makes up all their clothes. Tho' the world knows
The ready-mades so much the smarter are.
And so on, ending, life was such a bore
Sometimes she almost wished that she were dead.
John sniffed at that. But I knew how she felt;
I suffered that way, too, when I was young.
My little world was full of pricks, my heart
Seemed ever breaking with a thousand woes.
And so I sighed. 'Tis sad to be so young.
Then said,
"Well, dear, this, too, you know, will pass. And as
You older grow, life will not seem so hard."
But Isabelle, she yawned, tapped her red mouth,
Stretched thin young arms above her curly head

And with a sidewise glance at John and me,
Wrinkled and grey, wrapped in tranquility,
Quite artlessly remarked in lowered tone,
"It must be rather horrid to be old."

—*Anne Hawley Wood*

The New York Times

WEST VIRGINIA

Let others love the low land, the lazy land, the level land,
Where long white roads go straightly on into the setting sun.
But I will love this high land, this hard land, this mountain land,
Whose winding ways one never learns until his travel's done.

Let others love the far land, the west land, the sunny land,
Where ever-sighing winds blow over wide and dusty plains.
But I will love this dear land, this near land, this forest land,
Whose thousand brooks and rivers drink the fragrant, gentle rains.

Let others love the bare land, the bold land, the open land,
Where beauty lies defenseless, 'neath the idle, careless eye.

But I will love this shy land, this close land, this secret land,
Whose valleys 'mid encircling hills like hidden jewels lie.

Let others love the bright land, the fair land, the sightly land,
Where naught is hid from gaze of man as far as eye can see.
But I will love this dim land, this pale land, this shadow land,
Whose blue mist loves to linger in every vale and tree.

Let others love the city and the shore land, the prairie land.
But I must love these rocks and trees, these mountains green and high.
For, oh, it is my own land, my home land, my mother land,
And though my feet may wander far, I'll love it till I die.

—*Anne Hawley Wood*

The West Virginia Review

Biographical Sketches

WALTER BARNES

Walter Barnes, son of James William and Martha Ann Barnes, was born at Barnesville, Ohio, July 29, 1880. He received an A. B. degree from West Virginia University in 1906, and an A. M. degree from Harvard in 1911. From 1907 until 1914, he was head of the department of English of Glenville State Normal School. Since 1914, he has been a member of the faculty of the Fairmont State Normal School where he is at present head of the department of English and dean of the teachers' college. In 1911, he married Phyllis Winchester, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Barnes is the author of "English in the Country School," "New Democracy in the Teaching of English" and "The Children's Poets." He is editor and compiler of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and "Types of Children's Literature." He is also literary editor of *The West Virginia Review* and editor of *The West Virginia School Journal.*

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

John Peale Bishop was born in Charles Town, West Virginia. He was graduated from Princeton University in 1917, and served in the United States Army from 1917 until 1919. In 1920, he became a member of the editorial staff of *Vanity Fair,* and was for a time managing editor. In July, 1922, a short time after his marriage he and Mrs. Bishop, who was Margaret Grosvenor Hutchins, went abroad where they spent two years, mostly in Paris. He

is at present living in New York City. In 1917, he published "Green Fruit," a small volume of lyrics, and in 1922 "The Undertaker's Garland," a collection of prose and verse in collaboration with Edmund Wilson. He is now engaged in writing a novel which will be published soon. Within the past ten years, Mr. Bishop has written little verse but has published a number of occasional articles, mostly satiric and critical.

BELLE M. BLAIR

Belle M. Blair was born in Philippi, West Virginia. Since her marriage, Mrs. Blair has lived in Weston, West Virginia. Her verse has been published in *The Woman's Home Companion, American Poetry Magazine, Social Progress, Better Homes and Gardens, The Union Signal* and various religious papers. She has also been a contributor to a number of newspapers, among them *The Baltimore Sun.*

FRANCES MOORE BLAND

Frances Moore Bland (Mrs. Robert L. Bland) was born in the historic town of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, a daughter of Judge C. P. T. and Urilla Kline Moore. She inherited literary talent from both parents. At an early age she removed with her family to River View, a large country estate in the Ohio Valley, ten miles south of the county-seat. Here her education was begun under private tutors and later continued at Mount De Chantal, near Wheeling, where she completed a four years' course.

While still very young she commenced to write short stories and bits of verse, many of which were published in the local papers at Gallipolis, Ohio, and

Point Pleasant, West Virginia. These early efforts elicited quite favorable comment from competent judges.

In 1900, Mrs. Bland published a small volume of poems, "Twilight Reveries," and has in contemplation the publication of a book of short stories at an early date.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

William E. Brooks, son of John and Sarah Jane Brooks, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 9, 1875. In 1900, he was graduated with an A. B. degree from Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania. He received an A. M. degree from Princeton and was graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1904. Both Lafayette College and the University of Dubuque conferred upon him the degree of D. D. in 1916. Dr. Brooks was married to Jeannette Steele Stewart, October 12, 1904. Since his ordination as a Presbyterian minister in 1904, he has served as pastor of several churches in Pennsylvania and since the spring of 1924 he has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Morgantown, West Virginia. Doctor Brooks was director of the Army Y. M. C. A. and acting chaplain at Camp Crane for twenty-three months, 1917-19, and was recommended for a D. S. M. He has been national chaplain of the United States Army Ambulance Service Association since its organization, June 9, 1920.. He has contributed poems and articles to *The Outlook, Survey,* and other publications. His poem, "Memorial Day" was reprinted in Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (1923). Another of his poems, "Barrabas," was included in Martha Foote Crow's late edition of "Christ in the Poetry of To-day."

W. M. CLEMANS

W. M. Clemans was born in Steubenville, Ohio, January 2, 1863. He has resided in Wheeling, West Virginia, since he was eight years of age. Educated in the public school at Fulton, a suburb of Wheeling, and at Frasher's Business College, he engaged in the manufacture of paper until 1898. He has served three terms as chief of police of Wheeling, and four years as sheriff of Ohio County. He has written as a pastime a number of poems, some of which have been published in the Wheeling papers. Mr. Clemans is the author of a book of verse entitled "Rhymes of Human Appeal."

ESTHER EUGENIA DAVIS

Esther Eugenia Davis was born October 27, 1897, in Indiana. She has been a resident of West Virginia since she was six years of age. She received her secondary education in New York, where she spent her "free time writing poems about West Virginia, and composing pieces at the piano, naming them all indiscriminately 'West Virginia.'" Miss Davis, after completing a high school course and receiving a New York State Regents diploma in music, entered Syracuse University from which she was graduated in June, 1924. Her verse has appeared in *The Charleston Gazette; The Phoenix,* the literary magazine of Syracuse University; and in an anthology of college verse.

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

Garnett Laidlaw Eskew was born in 1893. In 1912, he was graduated from the Charleston High School and later continued his education at New York University. He has contributed poems, light verse,

special articles, book reviews, and dramatic criticisms to *Munsey's Magazine, Travel, Life, The New York Times, The New York Evening Post, The Designer, The Memphis Commercial Appeal, The New Orleans Times-Picayune, The Richmond Times,* and *The Charleston Gazette.*. At present Mr. Eskew is living in New York City, where he is engaged in publicity and general literary work.

EDITH BATES FAUST

Edith Bates Faust was born in Nortonville, Kansas. She spent a part of her childhood in Bethany, West Virginia. She later lived for several years in Fairmont, West Virginia, where her father, Rev. Z. E. Bates, was pastor of the Central Christian Church. She has a B. A. degree from Midland College, Atchison, Kansas, and did graduate work in the University of Chicago. On August 22, 1922, she was married to Mr. Wirt G. Faust, of Fairmont. As most of her writing was done prior to her marriage, she does not consider "The Minute Man" which is reprinted in this volume as representative of her work.

Mrs. Faust's present home is South Byfield, Massachusetts, where her husband is head of the department of English of Dummer Academy.

MASON A. FREEMAN, JR.

Mason A. Freeman, Jr., son of Mason A. Freeman and Imogene Scott Eaton Freeman, was born at Bradford, Pennsylvania, January 17, 1888. He was graduated from Yale with an A. B. degree in 1906. He was an associate founder of the Society of Independent Artists of New York City in 1917. In 1922, he married Sallie Patrick, of Charleston, West Virginia.

Though Mr. Freeman has been engaged in the manufacturing business since 1909, he has found time to write a number of poems that have appeared in *Poetry, The New Republic, Playboy* and other magazines. He also contributes verse to newspapers. He resides in Huntington, West Virginia.

FRED W. GOSHORN

Fred W. Goshorn, son of William F. and Effie Ward Goshorn, was born in Charleston, West Virginia, on September 12, 1880. His paternal ancestors were among the early settlers in the Ohio Valley, and some of them were confined in Fort Henry at the time it was besieged by the French and Indians. He was educated in the public schools of Charleston, at West Virginia University and at Washington and Lee University, after which he took up the practice of law at Winfield, Putnam County. He served five years in the Wilson administration as United States Title Attorney, during which time he was stationed at Moorefield and Elkins. He purchased for the United States the various tracts of land that form the Potomac and the Monongahela National Forests. In May 1918, having completed his work for the government, he returned to Charleston where he resumed the practice of his profession. On December 18, 1901, Mr. Goshorn married Miss Birdie Honaker, of Pulaski County, Virginia. From this union one daughter, Elizabeth Honaker, was born.

R. FRED HAMILL

R. Fred Hamill was born in Elkins, West Virginia, in 1894. After graduating from Davis-Elkins College in 1916, he taught in the Glenville Normal, Davis-Elkins

College and the Fairmont Normal. During the World War he served as a lieutenant in the 42d Infantry. He has had verse, articles and short stories published in more than fifty magazines. Much of his light verse has appeared in *Life* and *Judge*.

LEWIS HARVEY

Lewis Harvey spent her childhood and early life in Morgantown, where her father, John I. Harvey, was for many years professor of Modern Languages at West Virginia University. She was educated at Mrs. Moore's Private School for Girls at Morgantown; the Virginia Female Institute, now Stuart Hall, Staunton, Virginia, West Virginia University; and the University of Wisconsin. Miss Harvey is head librarian in the public library, Huntington, West Virginia.

VERA ANDREW HARVEY

Vera Andrew Harvey (Mrs. John Harvey) has an A. B. degree from the College for Women, Western Reserve University, and an A. M. degree from Columbia University. She was a teacher in the English Department of Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia, from 1916 until 1922. She is well known in West Virginia as the author of "The Unquenched Torch, Historic Pageant of Marshall College" which was presented under her direction in 1921.

FORREST HATFIELD

Forrest Hatfield, daughter of Dr. E. R. Hatfield, Charleston, and granddaughter of Captain Anderson Hatfield, was born in Mingo County, West Virginia. After her graduation from the Charleston High School, she attended Goucher College, and is now a student

at West Virginia University. While at Goucher, she was an associate editor of *Kalends.* She is poetry editor of *The Athenaeum,* a paper published by the students of West Virginia University.

OLITA WITHERS HOOKER

Olita Withers Hooker, daughter of John Scott Withers, and granddaughter of Alexander Scott Withers, author of "Chronicles of Border Warfare," was born at Glenville, West Virginia. She was educated by a governess until she entered the Methodist Conference Seminary, at Buckhannon, from which she was graduated. She later took a conservatory course in Shepardson College, Granville, Ohio. In 1903, she was married to Nelson M. Hooker, and has three daughters. Although Mrs. Hooker has written a good deal of verse, she has been too modest to have any of it published except a few poems in the *West Virginia Review* and local papers.

CLYDE BEECHER JOHNSON

Clyde Beecher Johnson, eldest son of James L. and Anna C. (Martin) Johnson, was born June 17, 1871, on a farm in Pleasants County, West Virignia. He taught school for eight years and in the meantime studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1898. He is at present practicing law in Charleston, West Virginia, where he is a partner of Hon. William G. Conley. He is recognized as a lawyer of unusual ability. He was elected in 1922 State Senator from the Eighth District and served so acceptably that he was urged to announce his candidacy for the United States Senate, but he declined to the regret of his friends in all sections of the State.

In spite of the exactions of his law practice, Mr. Johnson finds time occasionally to write verse. He is the author of an attractive volume of poems entitled "Rhyme and Reason."

JEANNETTE ARNETT LEEPER

Jeannette Arnett Leeper since 1922 has been an editorial writer for *The West Virginian,* published at Fairmont, and has therefore had little leisure for the writing of poetry for the past two years. She is the author of some very pleasing and graceful verse that has appeared in *The West Virginian, The Pittsburgh Gazette Times, The Farm Journal* and other publications.

LENA GRIFFIN McBEE

Lena Griffin McBee is a native of Stanford, Kentucky, but has resided in West Virginia since 1904. She has an M. A. degree from West Virginia University. She is, at present, a teacher of English in the Fairmont High School. Mrs. McBee has unusual literary talent and is the author of nature essays and poems that have appeared principally in educational journals.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Margaret Prescott Montague was born at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, November 20, 1878. She is the daughter of Russell W. and Harriet A. (Cary) Montague. Miss Montague has won an international reputation as a writer of fiction. Her story, "England to America," was awarded the O. Henry prize in 1919. In "Closed Doors," a collection of stories, she describes most vividly and sympathetically the lives of blind and deaf children in a State school.

Miss Montague's novels, "Miss Kate and I," "The Sowing of Alderson Cree," "In Calvert's Valley," "Linda" and "Deep Channel.," have found many interested readers. Though Miss Montague has devoted most of her time to the writing of fiction, she is the author of a number of poems of a true lyric quality that have been published in *The Atlantic Monthly, The North American Review, The House Beautiful* and other publications.

KARL MYERS

Karl Myers was born February 2, 1899, at Moore, West Virginia. Because of physical disability, he has never attended either a private or a public school, and is entirely self-educated "so far as book-learning goes." Since the fall of 1923, a number of his poems have appeared in West Virginia newspapers and in *The West Virginia Review,* and have found many appreciative readers who believe that his work will soon win more than a State-wide reputation. Mr Myers' verse is of such high quality that it has been suggested that he deserves the honor of being chosen poet laureate of West Virginia.

ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS

Elizabeth Davis Richards, daughter of Nancy Barbe Davis and Marcellus Waitman Davis, was born at Morgantown, West Virginia. She received her education at West Virginia University and the University of Wisconsin. Mrs. Richards is well known as a musician, a poet, and a club woman. Her poetry has appeared in *The American Poetry Magazine, Nomad, Parnassus, The New Era, Woman's Work, The Christian Statesman, The New Dominion,* and *The West Virginia Review.* She is a co-author of "Pilgrim of the World," an Americanization pageant, which was

accepted by the Drama League of New York. She is a member of the American Literary Association, and the League of American Pen Women. Through the former organization she has been the donor of prizes offered for original poems. She is a charter member of Kappa Chapter, Alpha Chi Omega National Musical Sorority. A volume of her poems will be published by a Chicago publishing house early in 1925.

LILLIAN MAYFIELD ROBERTS

Lillian Mayfield Roberts, daughter of J. Grant Mayfield and Mrs. Mayfield, was born at Conaway, West Virginia. Her parents moved to Middlebourne, where in 1912 she was graduated from the Tyler County High School. They later resided in Buckhannon, and, in 1916, she completed a course at West Virginia Wesleyan College. In 1916, she married George Paul Roberts, then of Elizabeth, West Virginia, and went to New York where at New York University she studied the short story and editing with Professors Wilson and Lee, and poetry with Joyce Kilmer.

Mrs. Roberts has had poetry published in *The Ladies' Home Journal, Sunset, The House Beautiful, McCall's, The West Virginia Review* and other magazines. Her poem, "Hill Hunger," which appeared in *The West Virginia Review,* was selected by S. A. Coblentz for his "Anthology of Contemporary American Verse."

Mrs. Roberts is favorably known as a writer of short stories. Her story, "The Fly on the Window," recently won the $1,000 prize offered by *The West Virginia Review* for the best short story written by a West Virginian.

ALICE WARD ROWLAND

Alice Ward Rowland, who is of Southern ancestry, was born in 1879 on a farm near Ironton, Ohio. After her graduation from high school she taught in the public schools for two terms. In 1897, she became the wife of George D. Rowland, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and has since been a resident of that city.

ROSE OSBORNE SELL

Rose Osborne Sell was born near Union, Monroe County, West Virginia. She received her education in the public schools of her native county, and at Allegheny Collegiate Institute. After her marriage to William D. Sell, she lived in Logan County for several years, and now resides in Charleston, West Virginia. Mrs. Sell is the author of numerous short stories, articles and poems that have appeared in newspapers and other periodicals.

THOMAS RUSSELL SHELTON

Thomas Russell Shelton was born in Richmond, Virginia, of Virginia parents. He has been a resident of West Virginia for about ten years. Having inherited literary talent from his mother, he has been a writer of poetry since childhood. He contributes verse to various popular and poetry magazines. One of his best known poems is a sonnet to Edgar Allen Poe, which may be seen at Richmond, in the Poe shrine. Mr. Shelton is an accountant with the Wheeling Steel Corporation.

ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER

Anna Pierpont Siviter, daughter of Francis Harrison Pierpont, governor of Virginia from 1861 until 1867, and Julia A. (Robertson) Pierpont, was born at Fairmont, West Virginia. She is the wife of William Henry Siviter, a well known humorist who is on the staff of the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dispatch*. Mrs. Siviter devotes most of her time to social service work. She was one of the organizers of the Free Kindergarten Association and the Kindergarten College. She is also active in the management of the Pittsburgh hospital for children.

Mrs. Siviter served for a time as associate editor of *Our Young People*. She is a well known contributor to a number of standard magazines and periodicals. She is the author of "Nehe, a Tale of the Time of Artaxerxes," and of several books of verse, among them being "The Sculptor and Other Poems," "Songs of Hope" and "Songs Sung along Life's Way." Her verse has received complimentary notice of such well known critics as Richard Burton, Richard Moulton and Edward Mims.

BLANCHE DUNLEVY STEENROD

Blanche Dunlevy Steenrod was born and reared in Bridgeport, Ohio. Since her marriage, she has resided at Steenrod Place, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Mrs. Steenrod has attracted favorable attention as a writer of verse, but for the past five years she has devoted her time almost exclusively to feature writing for *The Wheeling Register*.

W. MERRITT TAGGART

W. Merritt Taggart is a native of Parkersburg. He is a reporter on *The Parkersburg Sentinel.* Though he has written considerable verse, he has offered but one poem for publication. This poem, "America Mourns," appeared in *The Parkersburg Sentinel* and was reprinted by Davis in his "Anthology of Newspaper Verse" (1923). It is to be hoped that Mr. Taggart may decide to have other poems published, as his verse shows that he has true poetic genius.

H. WYATT WASHINGTON

H. Wyatt Washington, a native of Virginia, but now a resident of Huntington, West Virginia, is well and favorably known as the author of stories, magazine articles, and poems that have appeared in various publications.

BLANCHE A. WHEATLEY

Blanche A. Wheatley, daughter of George W. and Elizabeth (Hickey) Tacey, is a native of Bolivar, West Virginia. She has written verse from her childhood, and is well known locally as the Bolivar Bard. Her verse has frequently appeared in newspapers and other publications where it has found many appreciative readers.

NINA BLUNDON WILLS

Nina Blundon Wills, daughter of Major Edgar E. and Sarah Frances Young Blundon, was born in Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. Mrs. Wills is a graduate of the Charleston High School, and of the Wheeling Female College. For a year prior to her

marriage to Woodson T. Wills, of Fayette County, West Virginia, she was employed as teacher in the Charleston public schools. She is a well known club woman, having served for two years, 1919-21, as State President of the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Clubs. She has written a number of poems, and has contributed from time to time a variety of articles to newspapers and magazines.

BETTIE BUSH WINGER

Betty Bush Winger is of distinguished ancestry. On her mother's side, she is of the same ancestral line as Eugene Field and David R. Francis, and, therefore, feels that her talent for writing is inherited. Her father, W. D. Bush, an attorney, was the son of Caleb Bush, a graduate of Harvard and a pioneer evangelist, who organized and established more churches than any other man of his time.

Mrs. Winger has made of writing a hobby rather than her life work, and therefore feels that for the effort expended her success has been all that she could reasonably expect. Although greatly handicapped during a period of several years' illness, she is the author of many short poems which have appeared in trade journals and newspapers. She has also been a frequent contibutor to *The Burr McIntosh Monthly, People's Magazine, Popular Magazine,* and other publications.

She has had several books published, two of which are "My Dream Garden" and "My Glad New Year and I."

ANNE HAWLEY WOOD

Anne Hawley Wood (Mrs. Charles McKee Cantrall) was born in Marysville, Ohio. She was for a time a student in Emporia College, Kansas. She is now a resident of Morgantown, West Virginia, and though she has lived in the State but five years, she writes: "I claim a long interest in West Virginia as my maternal grandfather was A. M. Phillips, owner of yards and foundries in Wheeling, where he built fast packets for the Ohio river trade before the Civil War."

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